

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF MRS. PRISCILLA PRINGLE.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

CHAPTER I.

Mrs. PRISCILLA PRINGLE protested that she was afflicted with the most refractory set of children that ever lived, disobedient, disrespectful, and contumacious; that they would not obey and did not respect her; that they were the plagues of her life, and the torments of her existence; and that in short they were altogether, instead of being blessings, curses of the most afflicting description.

Mrs. Priscilla was prone to exaggeration. A part—and a very small part of what she said was true, and another part, and a very large part was no such thing. It is certain that parents should have command over their offspring; but it is also certain that the little humans should be treated and recognized as responsible beings, with some will and discretion of their own. It is rather an assumption to suppose that children can be so drilled as to make every movement, and subject every thought to the superior direction of the parents. They say that the world is governed too much. So is the family. The rulers of the world, striving to over govern it succeed in producing a large annual crop of superfluous criminals; and the heads of households, endeavoring to govern them too much provoke a plentiful supply of disobedience. Indeed the law-ridden citizen can scarce move without running counter to some municipal or other regulation; and the beleaguered child can hardly do a thing without encountering the awful query, "Didn't I tell you *not* to do so?" Poor little rogues! How can they be expected to remember the caprices which their dictators can scarce themselves recollect?

Mrs. Priscilla's lips had an unfortunate affection for the monosyllable "no!" Scarce did her mouth ever open to any desire of the children, except to pronounce that hard, little word—often, too, without a clear understanding of what she was answering. We have called it hard. So it was to the children. So it would have been to a parent who had any real sympathy with her offspring; but Mrs. Priscilla popped it out as suddenly as a potatoe pellet out of a quill—and with quite as little thought as may be supposed to reside in the quill and potatoe. If, by any marvellous chance she yielded assent, it was in some such ungracious way as—"well, I don't care—go and break your necks if you are resolved on it, and don't tease my life out!"

The plagues of our good woman's life were

seven—six children and a husband. Any body else would have called them seven blessings—for the three boys were the pictures of good health, the three girls did no discredit to their fresh milk and bread and butter, and the whole six were as kind and cheerful in disposition as circumstances would allow. If they were rough and abrupt it was their mother's fault—if they were not absolutely and irreclaimably vicious it was Heaven's mercy, and no thanks to their training. As to the husband, poor fellow, though in tolerable good esteem out-of-doors, in the house he was a nullity, his good wife completely over-shadowing him, and crowding him down into the most complete and pitiful insignificance. We have said he was held in tolerable esteem out-of-doors. It was tolerable esteem only, for, observe it when you will, the man who permits himself to be what is vulgarly, though expressively enough denominated hen-pecked, is placed in the ridiculous posture of being pitted among his fellows; and such pity seldom fails to make a man contemptible. He must be more than ordinarily clever or wise who can support himself under such adverse circumstances. Socrates might utter grave jokes, as he chose, upon the eccentricities of his amiable helpmeet; but if we could only talk half an hour with Plato and the rest of the old Athenian's pupils, we should discover that they held their master in no higher respect for submitting to Madame Xantippe's shower-baths. It is a great pity that all women do not perceive that their belittling their husbands is as if the moon should put out part of the light of the sun—and thus lose the benefit of the reflection. But so it is. "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

As to the children, we have said they were well fed. So were they comfortably clad on ordinary occasions—being invested with garments which in winter preserved them comfortable, and in summer preserved decency. It is true that the graces were not very much consulted. The elder boy and the elder girl were the only ones for whom new clothes could be said to be very often fitted—if indeed an adaptation of father's and mother's garments to the lesser longitude and circumference of the children could be called making *new clothes*. But the two elder fared far the best; for the garments once fitted to them, were supposed to answer for all the others in their turn; and if the little urchins did not grow quite fast enough up to these residuary garments, whose fault was that, pray? Not the mother's—for she was a notable manager, as all shrews are, and declared that it was of no use to give children "nice" clothes for every day wear, to "horse into rags and

stram all to pieces." The Sunday clothes, got up with more ostentation, were far less comfortable; for the poor little rogues knew that the inevitable wear and tear of these choicer vestments would certainly be visited upon them as transgressions. They were held accountable for all the short comings of the sheep who grew the wool, or the negro who picked the cotton in the first place; for all the tricks of trade of carders, spinners, weavers and dressers; for all the rottenness imparted by the dying process, and for all the fastness which the colors exhibited in running away, instead of fast staying. All the mistakes of the needle, the shears and the scissors in the making up; all faults in fact in the various stages of manufacture, from the raw material to the finished garment, were counts in the indictment against the luckless child, as clothes would wear out. Miss-fits were a standing cause of rebuke and crimination. Showers, dust and wind, mud, snow and ice, all the natural enemies of children's apparel were grievous errors in the children themselves. Of course when Sunday came with its scrubblings, ablutions, brushings, blackings and cetera, the poor little victims felt as if their seventh day sentence to the stocks came seventy times too often. Through the services, instead of listening, each was thinking, in the terror of his or her heart—"shan't I catch it to-night when my best things come off!" And each when catechised thought that the answers to the questions on the catechism were misprints, and that the chief end of man and woman should read, "to take care of my Sunday clothes." Whether this Sunday exercise tended very much to vital piety and true religion, the reader must decide.

CHAPTER II.

CHILDREN grow. It is lucky for them that they do—at least it was lucky for the little Pringles when they ceased to be little any longer, and by sheer bone and muscle outgrew the constant domination of their mother, and began to have a faint idea that they had souls of their own, however careful they were compelled to be to keep their knowledge of any such forbidden truth as this from the suspicion of their mother. John Pringle, the elder son, as he came forward, insensibly grew to feel that it was not of so much absolute necessity that he should consult his mother whether he might litter the stock with this year's straw or last. He quietly assumed the responsibility of "setting" the bunch beans where he chose, and planting the Limas where he pleased without submitting the question to his mother; and he actually dared upon certain occasions to saddle or "geer up" Dobbin

when she wanted him, without so much as saying "may I?" Mrs. Priscilla Pringle scolded—but alas! her glory was departed. John inherited a part of her disposition, and was not the tame, submissive creature that her easy husband always had been; and the mother even began to have her misgivings that John might dare to have a fancy of his own in the choice of a wife, one of those days. "Well," she said, "that's the way we poor women are served. Slave and toil, and toil *and* slave, to bring up our children, and then have them turn right round, and pay us with ingratitude." It certainly is very naughty of young people to choose mates for themselves, instead of for their mothers—but boys will do so, and girls are not much better. To be sure such foolish young people pretend to say that where their own happiness is at stake they ought to have the right to choose—but such heresies are very properly condemned by the Priscilla Pringle maternal school; and cannot be too fiercely discouraged, nor too peremptorily frowned down.

Priscilla, the eldest daughter, was coming forward also into constructive rebellion. She actually managed, by sale of rags and remnants, or in some other surreptitious manner to possess herself of some imitation lace edging, and to sew it on the neck of her Sunday frock, without consulting her mother. Nay, she accomplished also, a silk apron, and trimmed and retrimmed her bonnet with perfect independence—"just as if," as Mrs. Pringle declared, "the cat had been her mother instead of me, who tended her month after month when she was a puny thing, and was up with her night after night in the croup, when Geraldine was a nursing baby. "But so it is. A body may toil and slave, and slave *and* toil, and nobody ever thanks a body for it."

Mrs. Pringle declared that she wished they were all grown up out of her way—but if she did wish any such thing, her actions belied her. The whole study of her life seemed to be to prevent their development. Once children, she held that they should always be children; and great was her indignation when they first presumed to attempt to spread their own bread and butter. When she was a girl, she said, children were *children*. A great many mothers say the same thing; but we never knew it to produce any other impression than that the speakers remain children still. Because one generation is unwise, the next is not bound to perpetuate its folly. Nor do these dealers in reminiscences tell exactly the truth. They remember what their parents did, but they forget how the children resisted; for since the days of Adam hath it been the case that when parents drew the leading strings too tight, children have taken the responsibility of stretching them.

Another sign of rebellion began to be evident in the estate of Pringledom. Old Mr. Pringle, perceiving that his son resisted and was not whipped, and that his daughter showed signs of insubordination and still survived, pricked up his ears, and opened his eyes, and began to show signs of vitality. He too under shelter of John on his right, and Priscilla Jr. on his left, ventured to defy the jurisdiction of her who had held undisputed sway over him for so many years. He dared various domestic encounters—such for instance as refusing to stay out of doors in the rain, rather than “track” his wife’s floor in getting within the shelter of his house. He ventured upon a new hat, though he had only worn his go-to-meeting but seven years; and he would incontinently give his younger children pennies and sixpennies when they asked, without heeding his wife’s angry remonstrances; and as to John—horror of horrors!—he actually presented him with a silver watch upon his eighteenth birth-day, and when Mrs. Priscilla Pringle declared that it was sinful extravagance, he told her she had better put the silver watch aforesaid in a mortar, and pound it up fine with the pestle, to relieve her feelings. Was there ever such a speech! Was there ever such a man! Was there ever a woman so abused and maltreated, and down-trodden, and also, down-cast! The glory of Priscilla was departed. She had sown trouble for herself with a free hand, and the crop was coming in apace.

The four younger Pringles were not slow to observe the signs of the times. Priscilla’s finery put her younger sisters on the order of discontent, and caused their little noses to be elevated with signs of evident disgust at the third and fourth hand clothing which was their Sunday best. Mrs. Pringle now lived in a continual storm, and her girls were in a continual pout. As to the two younger boys, they had a short hand way of making unacceptable clothes wear out which was truly miraculous. It was wonderful how nails would catch in their garments, and how cloth would tear. Mrs. Pringle patched and preached—but you might as well talk to an unbroken colt about the necessity of respecting his harness and forbearing to destroy the carriage, as to a boy who dislikes his clothes about saving them. No such thing enters into his calculation.

Sturdily did Mrs. Priscilla Pringle stem the tide of innovation—but her wand of enchantment was broken. Even the youngest boy had become refractory and impertinent, and when at last in desperation she essayed to whip him—he ran away! What a departure was this from the obedience of her oldest, who at the same

age would submit to her slipper, like a lamb, and receive correction with no other resistance than the shouts and screams, which are acceptable as the best evidence that the medicine is doing good! Time had been when even the father would meekly dodge at the threatening palm, and permit his auriculars to be astonished without any spoken complaint. Now all was changed. Misrule and complete rebellion had succeeded to good order. Words were thrown back with unblushing effrontery; and Mrs. Priscilla, who had no other course than to revile the oftener, and speak the louder when she did so, only gained thereby the reputation of a common scold. Her lips grew thin, and her nose became peaked. Arms a-kimbo was her usual attitude—and she was fast passing into that most pitiful of all nuisances, a spiteful and unamiable old woman.

CHAPTER III.

AND now there began to be more cause and truth in Mrs. Pringle’s complaints. She did receive no respect from her children; for as they grew in years, they grew in disrespect. The liberty they enjoyed was theirs not by their mother’s good will, but by right of conquest, and, as conquerors, they lorded it over the woman, who, in the natural and proper course of things should have received more of their kind attention as her years and infirmities required it. But she had become a foreigner and a stranger in her own house—she knew nothing of what was going on among her children except by cross-questioning them; and the questions and answers were very far from being in the most kind and cheerful spirit. The mother was continually in the attitude and character of a spy. The natural jealousy and acerbity of her disposition was heightened and aggravated by these unpleasant circumstances; and to use the vulgar, but expressive proverb, the family lived “like cats and dogs.”

What was worse than all, there seemed no feasible or probable hope of escape from this uncomfortable state of belligerence. Confidence and affection once lost in a household, are very difficult, if not impossible of restoration. Efforts to restore harmony are on either side received with distrust, and rejected overtures at reconciliation are amongst the very worst description of rejected addresses. Every new failure adds to the unfortunate breach, and places the parties farther than ever from friendship. Precisely in this condition—after an abortive attempt at pacification, stood affairs in the Pringle family. The men had departed in a huff to their several vocations—the girls were scattered about the house each pursuing alone such of the household

as she selected to herself, and each in no good humor in her solitary avocation. Mrs. P. herself was too much in wrath to attempt anything, though she knew, as her children had amiably assured her, that there were abundance of things about the house which were "suffering to be attended to." She was rocking herself into fever heat in the "best room," her toe at each touch of the floor striking it spitefully. Her face was crimson with anger, and shining with perspiration. All this was in remarkable contrast with the peaceable world without, for the calmness of an early summer morning, the dew yet sparkling on the flowers, and the aroma of their fragrance loading the air, made the scene one which it would have seemed might of itself have lulled anger and contention to rest. But Mrs. Priscilla was only the more disturbed at this pleasant quietness. A thunder storm would have been a glorious relief to her perturbed spirits.

A new and living feature was shortly added to the cheerful beauties of the home and place. A snow-white sun-bonnet came along, shading a pair of the most heavenly blue eyes that mortal could desire to look upon. The delicate complexion of the owner ripened on the cheeks to a softened vermilion, such as artists love to paint, but very seldom see. Her auburn hair fell in graceful flowing tresses over her neck—her figure had no hard or sharp outlines—her movements were all grace and loveliness, and there would be as little violence done to truth as to poetry, in calling such a vision angelic. She paused before the paling, with a little timid hesitation, and looked for a moment with pleased interest over the blossoms which were expanding in Mrs. Priscilla's garden. Her movement was natural enough—in the country common enough, and anywhere, one would think harmless. Mrs. Pringle did not think so.

Out sallied the virago, her yellow cap-ribbons fluttering in her wrath—scolds have a natural affinity for yellow ribbons—and before Gentleness could get out of the way Wrath began upon her:

"Oh, you minx! Oh, you hussy! Oh, you thing of pretence and prevarication and hypocrisy! You're gentle—are you? You're kind, are you? You're peeping over my paling and thinking that one of these days your little canting hypocritical face will be sailing round as mistress among the flowers I have planted. But you never shall. I'll destroy them all first. You never shall make a son of mine miserable if I can help it. John may be a fool, but his mother is not. You are mighty meek and patient and chehrful now—but wait till your children tease you to death as mine do—and then see!"

What did Gentleness say to all this? She did not hear the half. At first she stood, astonished into remaining, and then as the words came with more haste and fury, she turned and fled. She had heard of Priscilla's ungovernable temper—but had never before encountered her. She had indeed no suspicion that there could be such a termagant in the wide world—much less that she could be exposed to a causeless and unprovoked attack from one. Poor Agnes!

It required infinite persuasion on the part of John before Agnes would consent to listen again to the addresses of one whose mother was so violently, so furiously opposed to her union with him. But love is a strong pleader, and in her gentle bosom the young man had a friend at court. Nay, he made of his mother's unhappy temper a strong argument why he, having no solace in his own home, should be casting about for another. And—stranger things have happened—in spite of this most uncourteous and unhappy interview—in due course of time the gentle Agnes married the termagant's son. Mrs. Priscilla was present at the wedding, and, as women have a great respect for the proprieties, nobody could have suspected from Mrs. Priscilla's demeanor, on that occasion, that she was not a cheerfully consenting party. But scarcely had the guests departed, before, even in her son's own house, she commenced an infusion of her verjuice into his happiness; and by a series of most bitter and unfeeling inuendoes strove to make the union miserable.

Her daughters looked at each other—her husband at his son. The bridegroom rose and had prepared an angry answer, when the new-made wife with a forced smile placed her hand upon his lips, and gently pushed him back into his chair. "Pardon me," she said, "but I am mistreess here you know, John, and when ladies are cohversing gentlemen must not interfere."

There was a pause.

It was a painful pause for the family. John feared for his wife—the father had an undefined terror that something was about to happen—the daughters were sick with shame. Mrs. Priscilla alone was in triumph. Now, she fancied, the good character of her new daughter was to be demonstrated to be all pretence, as she had over and often pronounced it. No woman could, Mrs. P. P. fancied, endure what she had said without reply; and she gloried in the thought that all the meekness of Agnes which had been, somewhat tauntingly it must be confessed, held up as her crowning grace, was about to be shown to be a mere cloak to catch a husband. The word had been said—the irrevocable knot was tied—why dissimulate longer?

But Agnes did not answer. Mrs. Priscilla, foiled and astonished, rose to go—and Agnes begged her, in a tone as cheerful as if nothing unpleasant had occurred, that she would come over the next day, with all her family, and see and help her eat her first attempt at a dinner in her own house. Was there ever such an answer to a scold?

CHAPTER IV.

EXAMPLE works wonders. The kingdom of the Pringle's was remarkably peaceable on the next day, for nobody referred to the disagreeables of the night before. The spirit of the gentle Agnes seemed to possess the father and children, and the mother could find nothing to scold about, and nobody to quarrel with. Mrs. P. was the particularly invited guest, and with one consent the day's programme was so skilfully thrown into her hands, that she could cavil at no one, as no one presumed to have any mind distinct from hers in the matter.

She declared she would not go.

"At what time then," said her husband, "shall we come home to dinner?"

"Oh, go there without me. I am b'd, and hateful—and you all despise, and detest, and don't want me—and——"

We can't tell how it happened. We cannot undertake to describe all the words, gestures, thoughts and actions of the next half hour—but at the end of it all parties had just recovered from a scene of deep emotion. Mother and daughters had wept on each others necks; mutual explanations had been made between husband and wife, and promises volunteered on all hands of future kindness. The gentle Agnes had occasioned it all—for her conduct on her wedding evening had not been the first instance in which her "soft answers had turned away wrath."

The day passed pleasantly. There *was* to be sure some constraint—much indeed, on the part of Mrs. Priscilla, for the point which her immediate connexions had never been able to effect, the breaking down of her unhappy temper had been carried by the gentle stranger. All the time she seemed happy—but she was really heart-broken and subdued. It was a whole-some sorrow—and led to repentance.

Thus had happened the imperious woman's Decline and Fall. But it was a fall from which she gradually rose; and although a complete change in her character was among the things which could not be expected, nobody was quicker than herself to detect the first symptoms of a return of her old infirmities; and she had no reproaches, except her own. A wiser but a

sadder woman, the evening of her days passed in peace; though she never could so for forget that "girls were girls *once*," as to be without fears that her grand-children would be ruined by their mother's foolish indulgence. Foolish indulgence! Verily it is not so much the indulgences of children that ruins them, as the alternation of unreasonable kindness with unreasonable caprice. The world is finding out that fact too. Joy then to future generations—joy, too, to parents who have the sense to discover that unreasonable strictness is not what Solomon recommended, much as the wise king has been misquoted, and misapplied.

A RAILROAD DREAM.

BY C. J. PETERSON.

WHAT a jolt! We have been a-doze and dreaming, in spite of this rail-road car; but a jerk like that was enough to wake the Seven Sleepers. Is anything the matter? No, the train has only stopped to water, and now, roaring and puffing, and with another jerk—oh! our back—has started!

We have been dreaming, and such a dream, "confusion worse confounded." Rail-roads and stage-coaches, stage-coaches and rail-roads all jumbled together, higgledy-piggledy—like the ingredients in a mince pie. It has made us gross and crusty, for just as we were beginning to get sense out of it, that abominable jerk bumped our head and woke us up!

We like stage-coaches, and we don't like them. We wish their inventor had been hanged; and we wish there was as many of them now as in the good old times, before a rail-road was projected, or locomotives sent upon us to make us repent of our iniquities. We wish—we wish—in short, there is no end to our wishing.

We like stage-coaches, and we don't like them. We like the starting at day-break—the hurry, the crowds, the stowing of baggage, the fresh, rosy cheeks of the ladies, and all that. We like the jostling, the parting shake, the handing of lady passengers into the vehicle, the cracking of the coachman's whip, and the shouts of the little boys as we are whirled off from the stage-office. We like the fresh morning air—we like to study the new faces around us—we like to chat with some blushing damsel opposite—we like to hear the horn telling us the breakfast tavern is in sight—and, by the houris of the prophet! we like the hot coffee, and well buttered cakes which a morning ride makes so delicious to a sharpened appetite. We like all these—and we like a thousand things besides that every old stager like ourselves has at his finger's ends. Then we like the joy that sits on every countenance when we start again after our meal—we like the glorious trot with which our fresh posters whirl us off—we like the gay sunlight, the low voiced wind, and the chirp of the songsters in the dewy wood—we like to sit upon the driver's box, and hear long stories about every odd thing we pass—we like to get off and pick blackberries while the coach toils up a hill—we like, oh! how we like to sit on the back seat betwixt two pretty girls, until one falls asleep upon our shoulder, with her warm breath playing across our cheek, and the other asks us a thousand innocent questions in her fairy-like voice, her blue eyes

glistening—we like to have plenty of room in the coach, and a seat to ourselves—and we like, moreover, to see the country, the little streamlets, the clumps of woodland, the rich verdure of the meadows, the white houses peeping through the trees, and the blue outline of the far off hills melting into the sky, and not to be whirled along on one unvaried level, between hills of dirty gravel, clattering—clinkum clankum—through smoky tunnels under ground, or rattling over bridges that shake under you hundreds of feet in the air.

We like stage-coaches, and we don't like them. We don't like the dust, and the heat, and the jolting, and the upsetting over a precipice—we don't like to be jammed up betwixt two fat matrons—we don't like a squalling baby at our elbow—we don't like an old maid to be asking us to look after band-boxes—we don't like leaky curtains in a rain—we don't like lazy horses—we don't like an old, rickety coach—we don't like a corpulent gentleman to tread on our toes—we don't like a neighbor's elbows sticking into our ribs—we don't like a Jersey road, through pine forests, under a broiling sun, where one drags along at two miles an hour without seeing a house for a league—we don't like, why the fact is we don't like anything that ruffles our temper, or puts us out of humor with ourselves or the world.

But neither do we like rail-roads. We don't like to be packed and ticketed like a bale of goods—we don't like to be shut up in one car with a gang of tobacco chewers, while the ladies are stowed away in another—we don't like the clank of the train, or the puffing of the locomotive, or the shriek of the steam whistle. We don't like the stopping to water, or the letting off the steam. We don't like to shoot through torn up gardens, or beneath houses almost undermined, or by your little old taverns with a Conestoga wagon cozily standing by the door, where the very horses turn their heads lazily toward you as you pass, seeming to mock one, because he can't stop and enjoy himself in the shade as well as they. We don't like the chance of being blown sky-high, or tumbled down a gravel hill till your neck is broken, even though we have the consolation that our widow—that is if we are married—may recover damages therefor. We don't like rail-roads, and we don't like stage-coaches—but of the two give us the railroad, after all!

What heart has not quickened at the first coming of what the Indian called so poetically "The Iron Horse?" Who that has seen it glancing in the night far off on the horizon like a fitting star—or heard its deep voice, growing

nearer and nearer, through the palpable obscure
—or seen it shoot, black and gigantic from the
darkness, clank, flash, and roar an instant by,
and then vanish like a meteor in the gloomy
distance, that has not felt there was grandeur
—aye! sublimity itself, in this master-work of
man?

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BERGHOLD.

A BOHEMIAN LEGEND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RELLSTAB.

In the twelfth century there lived in Bohemia in a castle on the Elbe near the Schreckenstein, an old knight and his wife, both of whom passed their days in the greatest retirement and seclusion. One son alone remained of all their children, a boy of uncommon beauty, to whom his mother, by advice of a pious monk, had given the name of Berghold;* for at the hour of the little boy's birth, who, coming after a lapse of years, was considered a special blessing from heaven, the learned father had carefully observed the position of the stars and other signs. He found from these that the mysterious inhabitants of the woods and mountains would take especial interest in the child, and would protect him carefully through life. In the night preceding the child's baptism the monk had a remarkable dream. It seemed to him that he saw the child's cradle surrounded by strange but beneficent beings, who caressed him and laid rich presents, jewels, gold and silver, upon his bed. They looked lovingly on him, and called him by various names, which, however, were so confused with one another that it was impossible to distinguish them. At length the door opened, and the child's father entered. Then the strange forms fled in all directions as if frightened, and hastened from the chamber; but a delicate little girl, who, from her size, seemed scarcely six years old, and yet had all the winning graces of a mature maiden, opened the door again and called out, with the sweetest of silvery voices, "now farewell, sweet Berghold, we shall soon see each other again."

Here the monk awoke and found himself in his cell, now lighted with the first rays of the morning sun. He rubbed his eyes wondering at his strange dream; when he closed them, he still thought he saw the lovely little figure standing in the half open door, and constantly heard the name of Berghold resounding in his ears. As soon as he arose he hastened to the noble lady of the castle, related her his dream, and persuaded her to give the new-born child the name of Berghold. The nurse related that the boy had smiled strangely in his sleep during the whole night, and had played with his little hands; but at the moment when the monk had dreamed the father entered, he had really come softly into the chamber, whereupon the child woke up and began to cry bitterly. Thus he received the name of Berghold, strange as it

was; and he grew and prospered, though he could claim no patron saint for his name-sake.

It seemed too as if he were rightly named, for it was the boy's greatest delight to explore the steep heights of the mountain, or the dark woods, or the cool, shady vallies and rocky clefts, and thus he often passed whole days. He had scarcely reached his tenth year, when he was so well acquainted with the whole country round, that every rock, every cleft and cavern, every footpath through the forest was familiar to him, and he never lost himself either by day or night. His parents had become so accustomed to it that they never felt any anxiety even when he stayed out over night; for it was evident that the invisible inhabitants of the forest protected and guarded him in various ways.

True, Berghold never said that any being of this kind had ever appeared to him, but there were many visible traces of them constantly hovering about him. Even in seasons when the wild wolves showed themselves in large numbers, Berghold went fearlessly into the densest forest, for the animals slunk away from him as if afraid, and did him no harm; indeed once when weary with exertion he had fallen asleep under a tree, the torn and mangled body of a poor woman who gathered herbs, was found near him—but the boy slept on, unharmed and undisturbed. When his father asked him if he had not heard the unhappy woman's cry for help, he said no, but he had dreamed that a little maiden with golden hair sat by his head and kept off the wood flies. Berghold too, often found rare things which no one else could easily find in the mountains; he would bring home beautiful pieces of metal or precious stones as they are found in their native state, which he had picked up in frequented paths where others must have discovered them long before, if they had not been just deposited by invisible hands. He found flowers also that nobody else had ever seen blooming in the forest, and the most beautiful birds often flew into his hands.

Thus he reached his fifteenth year, when his father wished him to serve as a page at the court of the king of Bohemia. With deep sorrow he parted from his beloved forests and mountains, although his youthful heart panted with eager desire to try its strength in the world. Early in the morning he took leave of his mother, and accompanied by his father and an attendant, mounted the horse that was to bear him to his destination. As he now rode on for the last time through the gorge of the valley, his heart grew very sorrowful. It seemed to him as if the forest was not so green, the meadow not so fresh, the brook not so clear, the rock not so

* Two German words signifying "mountain favorite."

sang sadly, and the waters looked darker as they murmured on.

At mid-day the travellers reached the boundary of the mountain. Further than this Berghold had never extended his wanderings, he had never felt any inclination to cross the stream here spanned by a slight bridge. He knew that the river took its rise in a little lake that, deep in the mountains, surrounded by rocky cliffs, aged willow and beech trees, lay in the most complete solitude. In hot summer days this place had been his favorite resort, and he had often lain for hours sleeping on the soft, grassy bank. Then he always had the loveliest dreams, and when he awoke felt strengthened and refreshed as if with new life.

Now, when he was about to forsake the home of his youth for so long a time, he felt an irresistible longing to re-visit this loved retreat. He persuaded his father as the meridian sun was so hot, to rest here some hours, while he pursued on foot his path to the lake, it being quite impossible to guide a horse through such a wild, untrodden region. The father gladly consented, they dismounted, gave the steeds to the attendant to loosen their bridles and let them crop the grass, while Berghold took his solitary way toward the recesses of the mountain, for in the woods he always loved to be alone.

In half an hour he had reached the quiet place; here too the landscape seemed less bright than before; the little lake usually of the deepest blue, was gray and troubled, and its waters moved restlessly, although a clear and cloudless sky arched itself above the watery mirror. The trees on the shore seemed to droop their hitherto fresh, green branches, and the foliage of the old weeping willows, as if bowed down by sorrow, dipped into the lake. Sadly Berghold seated himself on the bank and looked down on the troubled water; he felt as if he should never see this scene again. Absorbed in thought he was playing with some bright pebbles, which the waves had just washed up; to his astonishment he suddenly discovered among them a clear, glittering jewel of great value. For a moment it rejoiced him, but the next his sadness returned, and he said to himself. "What art thou to me? Thou can'st not make me happy! If it be true that the kind dwellers in these mountains and waters are propitious to me, oh, come yourselves to comfort me, and I will gladly resign your gifts; take back your gem, and give it to one whom it can make happy." With these words, he threw the costly stone back into the water. Scarcely had he done this, when the waves began to be powerfully

agitated, there was a rustling in the tops of the trees, a prolonged and wondrous melody seemed borne on the air, though Berghold could not tell whence it came. In the midst of the lake rose a wave crowned with silvery foam, that rolled on toward the shore; sometimes it seemed to sink as if lost, but then rose higher and higher as it came nearer. Berghold felt frightened, for now it looked like a figure, plunging in the water and rising again as it approached; and its course seemed directed to the place where he sat, reaching the shore close beside him. The wave rolled back into the lake, its foaming crest floated down like a long, silvery veil, from which the last drops ran like pearls, and gradually a female figure emerged distinctly from the watery drapery. Immediately the lake became light and blue as in former times, the trees lifted up their drooping branches afresh, and all around was green and glittering in the clearest sunshine.

Berghold felt himself overcome by a sweet fear, and gazed fixedly on the figure, who, closely wrapped in her veil, stood silent before him. As soon as the water had become perfectly calm she threw aside the silvery veil, and revealed to the boy her lovely, heavenly face. Her blue eyes looked on him smilingly but sorrowfully, and she said with her sweet toned voice, "I know thou dost not know me, sweet boy, but I know thee well, and have often guarded and watched over thee. I stood beside thy cradle at thy birth, and promised thee that thou should'st see me again. The day has now come! Speak what thou wishest, for thou hast called me and compelled me to come to thee, in that thou hast thrown back my gift into my bosom, and hast desired myself in its stead. For whoever of mortals can so far conquer himself as to sacrifice our glittering gifts in order to approach us, to him we must reveal ourselves; and we do it gladly, for he loves us and we love him in return, and seek to pour healing balsam in his breast when the rough hand of life has wounded him."

Berghold could scarcely recover from his astonishment; while she spoke he was so absorbed in gazing upon her loveliness that he scarcely understood her words. As she stood before him the veil floated lightly around her, and under its transparent folds shone a blue mantle that fell gracefully about her slender figure, and was fastened together by a glittering girdle. Her rich, light hair fell over her shoulders, some few drops fell like pearls from the locks that played about her cheeks; her eye was like blue crystal, and her lips like the transparent redness of ripe fruit. White as a lily, her beautiful neck was

modestly bent forward, and the waves played about her small, naked feet, wetting the delicate ancle.

"Beautiful nymph," at length said Berghold, "what can I desire of thee that thou hast not already divined? For surely thou hast been with me in my dreams, and hast watched the beatings of my heart. I am filled with sorrow, deep sorrow, because I must leave these loved mountains and forests, the dear companions of my solitary childhood, and mingle with strange, unloving men."

"Be not afraid," returned the nymph, with her sweet voice, "we shall meet again. We too were sad at losing thee, for on this hour it depended whether our friendly relation with thee could continue. Had'st thou not called me when thou madest the sacrifice of my gift, we should never have seen each other again. But now, if thy heart remains pure, our fate may long be united, even though we must be separated for many months: for thou must depart, and we may not follow thee. But we knew this long since. These are the years of thy first trial; go through them nobly and we shall meet again in happiness. Take this ring and wear it as a remembrance. Turn not aside from the path of virtue, and then when five years have passed thou may'st find me here, but not before. If thy heart continues pure, return to this place and throw my ring in the water—then I will appear and further reveal thy destiny."

With these words she placed a diamond ring on the youth's finger, breathed a kiss upon his open forehead, then wrapped herself in her veil and sank down as a silvery wave in the water. The blue waves were again gently agitated, but they grew no darker, and the trees and shores retained there fresh, sunny green.

Berghold returned to his father inspired with glad hope, though he still felt a longing for the beautiful figure lingering about his heart. He did not tell his father what had happened, for he had a vague presentiment that rigid secrecy was a tacit condition of his agreement with this wondrous being.

The next day they reached the city of Prague, where Berghold was kindly received at the court of the king of Bohemia. Here he passed the first years of his youth amid knightly sports and exercises, and every day grew in strength and beauty. All the beauties of the court were in love with the attractive youth, but neither the charms of those who modestly concealed their admiration for him, nor the seductive arts of those who boldly expressed it, had power to win his love. He devoted his attention entirely to

knightly exercises, and the dangerous sports of war, and in the solitary stillness of the night he dreamed of his wondrous protectress, whose beauty cast all others into the shade. Thus years passed away, and the time of his probation drew to an end; the nearer he approached the end of all his hopes and wishes, the less difficulty he found in resisting every temptation to forsake the path of strictest virtue. One day there arrived a messenger from his father, bidding him hasten home with all speed, for he lay upon his death bed. This was an overwhelming stroke to the young man who loved his father with the tenderest affection. He hastened to obtain permission for his absence, which was immediately granted. He mounted his horse, and was soon spurring his way homeward with all possible speed. But it was impossible to arrive there in one day. Late in the evening he was forced to stop, in order to give his wearied animal a few hours rest. A peasant hospitably received him. In the night as he lay on some straw in the narrow little room, he was seized with the most violent presentiment that he should not find his father alive. The moon shone through the window, lighting up a crucifix that the pious peasant had erected in his little domain. Overcome with sorrow, Berghold prostrated himself in earnest prayer before the sacred symbol, implored the Saviour's aid, and made a solemn vow to undertake a pilgrimage to Palestine if he should find his father still alive. With early dawn he was again on horseback, hastening home. As yet no funeral banner waved from the castle, and full of joyful hope he crossed the drawbridge. The house servants came out to meet him with cheerful countenances, greeted him with joy, and told him that the old knight was not only alive, but rapidly recovering. At midnight they had heard a ring at the gate, and as it was opened a strange female wrapped in a dark grey veil entered, desiring to be led to the sick man, for whom she had brought a strengthening draught. They led her up stairs, she silently approached the couch, mingled a singularly fragrant drink in a silver goblet and presented it to the dying man, who, with pale lips and half closed eyes, had sank back on his pillow. But scarcely had the healing medicine touched his lips when his vital powers seemed suddenly renewed, and before he had emptied the vessel new heat and new strength re-animated his frame, so that he continued to feel more and more like himself. The stranger waited not to receive his grateful thanks, but suddenly disappeared without any one observing how she left the castle.

Berghold listened to this story with much joy,

but with many serious thoughts. It was at midnight that he had made his vow, and just at this time his father was rescued from the grave. A dim presentiment whispered to him that his protectress had been active here, and that God had answered his prayer through her means. With pious gratitude and silent joy in his heart, he ascended the stairs to his father, who received him with tears of joy. In a few days the old knight had entirely recovered; and Berghold now communicated to him the vow he had taken. The old man blessed his son as he laid his hands on his head, and said—"thou must fulfil it; God's hand will protect thee! Next spring thou wilt have finished the years of thy knightly service, then go forth and join the crusade the emperor is about to undertake. Thou wilt gain fame and honor; even without thy vow such a pilgrimage is worthy of a Christian knight."

Berghold remained a few days longer with his restored father, and then returned to the court. As he came near the boundary of the mountains, he felt an unspeakable longing to go over to the lake and seek his strange friend. The only thing that restrained him was the remembrance that the five years had not yet transpired, and he durst not summon her from the waters. Still he could not resist the inclination to visit the place where she had appeared to him, and to thank her for the help she had afforded his father. He tied his horse to the bushes, and wandered over the rocks to the well known place. It had never seemed more lovely than now. The lake lay between its green banks, blue and clear as a mirror, the trees were covered with the glory of their leaves, a harmonious rustling and whispering seemed to agitate their tops, the sweet voices of birds were heard among them, and the waves played lightly as they broke over the pebbly shore. Berghold seated himself beneath the well remembered tree; his whole heart glowed with longing for the fair being, but he did not venture to call her. He climbed a steep rock, whose topmost cliff projected far over the lake, overhanging its deep waters. Here he bent over toward the waves, from which his own image was reflected, and cried out, "kind protectress, receive my warmest thanks for thy assistance." Then the lake became agitated, his own image disappeared, and from the blue depths the face of his lovely friend smiled upon him. But it was quickly covered with the silvery veil, and Berghold saw nothing but the wave crowned with white foam that broke along the base of the rock. He left the shore, rejoiced in his inmost heart that he had again really seen the face of his early friend: he sought his horse and rode

home to the court of Bohemia. The last year of his trial passed away, the duke himself conferred on him the honor of knighthood, and dismissed him to his aged father, whom he was again to leave after a visit of a few weeks, to join the host on its way to Palestine.

As he reached the mountains, his heart drew strongly to the cool, crystal dwelling place of his protectress; but three days yet remained of the appointed time, and he had firmly resolved to observe in every particular the directions he had received. He, therefore, rode on to the paternal castle, but what horror overwhelmed him when he saw from a height the towers of the castle rising above the wooded mountains, and black flags floating from their battlements. Filled with dismay he spurred on his horse, and giving him the rein, soon arrived home. When he reached the castle the gate stood open, the drawbridge was let down, and country people in mourning garments slowly wended their way from the castle to the valley.

"For God's sake, what has happened here?" exclaimed Berghold, to one of those he met.

"The lord and lady of the castle, the benefactors of the whole region," sorrowfully replied the man, "both died peacefully yesterday at midnight. Death came upon them suddenly but not terribly, they died in each other's arms blessing their absent son. The bodies are both laid in state in the castle, and the whole country round are flocking to see them for the last time."

Berghold sat motionless on his horse as if stunned; scarcely was he able to ride through the gate. He dismounted, and with tottering steps ascended the stairway. In the chapel, whose folding-doors were thrown wide open, stood the two open coffins, surrounded by many candles, and the people kneeled around. Pale and trembling, Berghold entered and exclaimed, "oh, my beloved parents!" With these words he sank upon his knees between both coffins, kissing the hands of his father and mother, while a death-like silence reigned in the apartment.

Berghold mourned his parents with a sincere and sorrowful heart; but the longing for his mysterious friend still held possession of his soul. On the third day, with the earliest dawn of morning, he repaired to the quiet place where he trusted again to behold her. He drew his faithfully guarded ring from his finger and threw it into the water. In a moment it began to move and swell, the topmost branches of the trees rustled in the strong wind, melancholy notes were heard, the waves in the middle of the lake rose higher, separated, and from their bosom emerged the form of the beautiful being.

As soon as her face greeted the daylight, the

water and sky were again calm, and only a whispering breeze rustled through the trees. Rocking herself on the gently supporting waves she floated toward the shore, and greeted him with kindly gestures when yet at a distance. Now her foot touched the glittering strand, and with gliding steps she approached Berghold, who stood before her embarrassed and confused. As she addressed him with the gracious words—"welcome my beloved friend," he sank at her feet overcome with emotion. But she kindly extended her hand and sat down beside him.

"You have kept your word faithfully," she said, "and you shall have a rich reward." Berghold felt that it was his already, for this lovely creature sat by his side as confidently as a sister. He felt more at ease, and even ventured to press the hand that rested in his own, and to kiss it. The fair being smiled on him, and her smile was like the mirror of the clear lake.

"What shall I call thee, lovely being?" said Berghold—"what name shall I give thee, when filled with longing my heart yearns after thee?"

"Would'st thou know my name?" said she, smiling. "It is heard in a language which thou dost not understand; we do not name each other as mortals do, for us a thought, a sound suffices. But thou may'st call me Ella."

Thus they sat talking together, and the hours flew swifter than thought. At length the sky reddened with evening light; Ella rose from her grassy seat, and said—"now we must part. But to-morrow thou wilt not need to call me as thou hast done to-day, to-morrow there will be no need of a spell to summon me from my watery kingdom to the light of day; I will be with thee before thou can'st seek me even in thought."

With these words she extended her hand to him in parting, but with all the ardor and boldness of youth he drew her toward him, and, though she gently resisted, imprinted a kiss upon her lovely lips. She sank on her knees and trembling hid her face in his bosom.

"What hast thou done?" she exclaimed, with a sweet voice, though it evidenced both sorrow and alarm. "Thou hast embraced the daughter of the waves! Now thou art mine forever, and woe to thee if thou should'st hereafter break thy faith to me!"

"Never, never will I forsake thee, and I shall be the happiest of mortals when I can call thee wholly mine."

Ella wept; for a long time she could not speak. At length with a voice weakened by emotion she said, "to-morrow, dearest, I will tell thee all." And as the words died away she gently glided from the arms of her lover, and sank amid the caressing waves.

Berghold did not return to his castle, but passed the night in the forest. When awakened by the sunbeams he first opened his eyes, Ella sat beside him and greeted him with a smile of melancholy pleasure. "I am with thee, before even thy thoughts could reach me," said she, "as I promised thee yesterday. As long as thou remainest within the boundaries of the mountains I will be ever near thee. But the time draws near when thou must leave me. I know the vow thou hast taken; if thou should'st break it, we must be separated forever. This is the decree of fate which nothing can reverse. But afar off, in the land of the Infidel, hard trials await thee, and woe to thee if thou art not able to resist them."

Berghold assured her that nothing could make him swerve from his allegiance to her, and tried to soothe her melancholy apprehensions by the tenderest words of affection. Thus the lovers enjoyed their present happiness, and this day, as well as the following ones, sped away on rapid wings. Three weeks passed quickly, and the time approached when Berghold was forced to depart.

The whole day before, Ella was so sorrowful that tears glistened in her beautiful eyes. At last in the evening, when the parting hour arrived, (for with the sun she rose and sank in her watery home) she said to him. "My friend we must now part, perhaps for long years, and I meantime must endure and suffer more bitterly than thou, in my deep solitude beneath the earth. For know I can follow thee everywhere, know each moment what thou art doing; the danger that threatens thee will terrify me, for I can see when the scimitar of the Saracen is waved above thy head—but not for a single moment am I allowed to penetrate the future, or to read the thoughts of thy heart. Thus my life will be one of torturing anxiety; yet I will willingly endure it all if thou remainest faithful, and canst steadily resist the seductive temptations around thee. I will give thee three gifts, which, when at the greatest distance, will constitute a close bond between us. Look at this veil; whenever thou wrappest it round thy head in sleep thou wilt dream of me. This golden goblet will show thee my image as often as thou fillest it with the water of a clear spring, and thou may'st gaze on my features painted on the surface of thy refreshing draught. This ring possesses the power to call me to thy aid; but this can happen only once, therefore use it not except in the extremest need. And know that all these gifts retain their power only so long as thou art true to me. Hast thou broken thy vow, violated our covenant—then, sweet friend, I shall neither appear to thee

in dreams, nor will my image tremble on the silver surface of the water, nor last of all wilt thou have power to summon me from the subterranean region in which I dwell. Remember this, and guard well thy heart."

"Never can I forget thee, or be faithless to thee," passionately exclaimed Berghold, as he pressed the being he so loved to his heart. "Who can compare with thee in goodness, in beauty, in love? Oh, fear nothing; if thou hast no other apprehensions than these, we shall surely meet again and be infinitely happy."

Elia drew gently toward him, as if by her all subduing tenderness to heighten his love for her, and thereby strengthen his resolutions. The sun already touched the horizon, and the lovers at last must part. She gently withdrew herself from his arms and sank in the waters of the lake, now glittering with rosy light from the reflection of the evening sky. In a moment she had vanished, and only a slight movement of the waves betrayed the spot where the beautiful creature had dived down into her crystal kingdom. Berghold returned home thoughtful and sad at heart. The next morning he was aroused by the sound of the spirit stirring trumpet that summoned the faithful to the crusade. Refreshed by the cool air, and gladdened by the brightness of the morning sun, they rode forth to join the other knights in Prague.

The legend relates many adventures that Berghold met with in his pilgrimage. He fought valiantly with the Saracens, with giants and sorcerers, and was victor in every contest. The separation from her he loved was alleviated by her gifts, for every night he dreamed of her, believed he was at home, and passing the sweetest hours with her. Wherever a spring gushed from the rock, or a clear stream crossed his path, he hastened to fill his goblet. Then he saw with silent rapture how the light moving silver surface of the water was overspread with varying colors, and as the motion subsided the face he loved was distinctly apparent. It seemed as if woven of colored rays on a deep gold ground, for the metal of the goblet shone through the clear liquid, and the almost imperceptible trembling, wavy motion imparted such a life-like charm, that Berghold often thought the lovely face smiled upon him, and beckoned with her deep blue eyes. Then he would gaze fixedly on his ring, and it tempted him strongly to use the talisman and summon her to his presence; but when he reflected that he should never again be able to do it, and thought of the warning she had given, he withdrew his trembling hand from the jewel, as if fearful that even an accidental touch might call forth its magic powers.

Thus a year passed away! His vow was fulfilled, he could now return. Arrived at the sea coast, he was so fortunate as to find a vessel that bore him immediately to Triest. Full of joyful hopes he sprang ashore, for now but a few weeks separated him from the being he so loved. Before the moon had accomplished her course he should be with her. Accompanied by a single attendant, he rode homeward.

One day, when among the lofty mountains that separated Italy from Germany, he rode on till late in the evening without finding either a hamlet or castle that could shelter him for the night. Suddenly he heard a whizzing sound; and his faithful groom behind him cried out, "Holy Virgin! I am lost!" Pierced by an arrow from the thick bushes by the road side, he fell down from his horse. Berghold had scarcely time to draw his sword from the sheath when his shoulder was struck by an arrow that lamed his right arm. At the same time robbers sprang from the forest on all sides, and he found himself dragged from his horse and bound almost before he had thought of a fight. Bleeding and wounded in many places, for he had defended himself bravely against the villains, he was dragged aside among the bushes, where they proceeded to plunder him, and then left him to his fate, pinioned and lying on the ground. Fainting and wretched he saw no way of escaping from his misery. Then he thought of the ring to summon his loved friend to his assistance; he felt for it, but alas, the robbers had taken it from him. He began to moan aloud, and to weep and curse his cruel destiny. He implored heaven to send him a speedy death, for any rescue seemed impossible.

After an hour had passed in extreme suffering, he saw a faint glimmer of light through the trees, and soon perceived that several riders were approaching with torches. Now he felt a gleam of hope. As the travellers came near he called out for help as loudly as his weakened breast would permit. They guided their horses toward him, but the thicket hindered them from penetrating to the place where the wretched man lay. They dismounted, however, and approached from another side, so that Berghold, bound, and lying upon his face unable to move, did not see them till they came immediately before him. Suddenly a noble female figure, in travelling costume, her hat adorned with feathers, stood before him, clearly revealed by the torches two servants carried in their hands.

"Who lies here bleeding on the ground?" she asked, with a voice that was like the softest tones of the vesper bell.

"Noble lady, a wretched man whom man robbers fell upon," replied Berghold.

The stranger threw aside her veil and discovered the most beautiful face that Berghold had ever seen. A large, lustrous dark eye gazed on him, innocent and soft as that of the gazelle amid the clefts of Lebanon; the high, white forehead shaded by its dark locks was at once noble and serene, the cheeks were beautifully rounded, and a touching expression of sympathy hovered about her lips. The light of the torches that fell on his fair face threw a transient glow over it that looked almost like the first blush of love, and heightened the soft fire of her eyes.

Berghold felt himself half recovered when he first saw her, and the gentle touch of her soft hands as she carefully removed the matted locks from his face, operated still more like a charm.

"You shall have aid, noble stranger," she said, with emotion, "so far at least as human assistance can avail. You shall be brought at once to my castle, which is close at hand."

Hereupon she commanded the servants to bring water from a spring to wash Berghold's wounds, and deprived herself of her veil to bind them up. As she had several attendants a litter of branches was soon prepared, upon which they placed Berghold, and gently bore him to the beautiful unknown's castle, which lay only a quarter of an hour's distance off.

Arrived at the castle, he was brought by the orders of its owner into her own chamber, and laid upon a soft, fragrant couch spread with the gorgeous fabrics of the East. She herself tended him with the most assiduous care. Exhausted by the loss of blood, and the pain of his wounds, and now soothed into comparative ease by the healing balsams applied to them, Berghold soon fell asleep. In his dreams the lovely creature who had saved his life stood constantly before him; now he saw her as she first appeared to him and looked on him so kindly; now he felt the warmth of her sweet breath; now the touch of her soft hands binding up his wounds; she ever stood before his excited imagination adorned with unspeakable beauty and irresistible fascinations. After a refreshing sleep he awoke when it was already bright day. He opened his eyes and looked around with astonishment to see whether he was not still dreaming. Was all that surrounded him, this luxurious oriental couch, these silken draperies that waved round him, this chamber redolent of fragrant odors like a lovely grotto, was it not all a delusion of his imagination, or had reality appeared to him in such attractive colors?

The cool, shady garden he gazed on through

the open folding-doors, was it really there in its green beauty? Was not that figure in white garments now gliding through the dark alleys, the heroine of his dream? Did she really move and cross the threshold, and approach his couch and smile upon him? Yes, he could no longer doubt, he was alive, and the loveliest enchantments of life and love were woven around him.

Suddenly he started as if alarmed, for he remembered that he had been robbed of Ella's precious gifts. But his nurse scarcely noticed the cloud of sorrow that passed over his brow, before she inquired with sympathizing eagerness into the cause of his distress, and comforted him in the most soothing manner after she had discovered it. Thus she seemed to anticipate every wish and thought, divining them even before they were clearly known to himself.

The sick man's wounds were severe. Notwithstanding the kind nursing, they would not soon heal, but confined him for weeks to his couch, and after he was released from it left him so weak that another month passed away before he was in a condition to begin his journey. Meantime, the tender ties of gratitude drew him more closely toward the lovely creature to whom he owed his life, and all the happiness life promised. Berghold remarked with pain that she was often silent and sorrowful, that she wept, and in vain he urged to discover the cause of her grief—she was silent. Berghold soon perceived that her sadness increased whenever he spoke of his departure, and of her he loved and had left in Bohemia, and from a delicate regard to her feelings he thenceforth avoided the subject.

Unhappy Berghold! he little thought the feelings of his own heart were gradually changing. He had been robbed of the goblet in which he used daily to see Ella's image; the veil which brought her before him in dreams by night no longer wrapped his head when he slept; the ring by which he could summon her in the hour of great danger had vanished.

Blinded mortal! It was not when lying bleeding and helpless on the ground, that thou wert nearest the brink of destruction. Now, now, when the fearful depth of the abyss is concealed by the flowers that border it, when thy unwary foot rushes headlong to ruin deceived by a fair surface, now, call for her who can rescue thee!

Weeks, months passed rapidly away! Berghold could not leave his happy abode. "Shall I break her heart, plant a dagger in her breast? She snatched me from the bloody arms of death—shall I repulse her when she raises her fair arms in supplication to me? No, no! I cannot do it! And yet, I will! To-morrow, before

day dawns, I will away!" But she wept, and pined away till she was like a marble statue in the pale moonlight—and he could not tear himself away. The new flame began to burn more brightly in his heart. And as the clear southern night breathed its enchanting odors round them, and the moon flooded the face and neck of the loved one with its waves of light, as its beams were broken by the tears in her mild eye, and with a voice tremulous with grief she exclaimed, "oh, stay with me—forsake me not!" overpowered with emotion he threw his arms around her, kissed her lips, and swore he would never leave her.

Suddenly, a fearful clap of thunder struck upon his ears; terrified he arose, but thick darkness surrounded him; the storm howled through the air, and the earth seemed shaken to its foundations. His beloved was torn from him by an unknown power, in vain he stretched out his arms after her, in vain he cried aloud for her with unspeakable anguish. Loud, mocking laughter was all that reached his ear; stunned and senseless he fell upon the ground.

"Now then Berghold, it is time to start," said the well known voice of his groom, as he tried to shake him out of his sleep. "I must wake you or the sun will be too high, and we must ride the whole day through the heat, for it is hot among these mountains as in Palestine."

Berghold started up in amazement; he could not collect his scattered senses. He knew not whether this was a new dream to torment him, or all before had been a dream.

"Yes, you have slept long, and you still seem a little confused, sir knight," said the groom. "But you must have rested by this time; rouse yourself and sit up. The horses have had food and drink."

"Where are we?" said he, sighing deeply.

"Just where we lay down yesterday, under the open sky, on German ground, and among these inhospitable Alps.

Berghold's eye fell upon his hand; Ella's ring was on his finger as in former days. He felt for his goblet, it was close beside him; he looked for the veil and found it under his head. But still *he had not dreamed!* He quickly seized the goblet and filled it with the water of a clear mountain stream that gushed from the rock beside him. But horror-struck, he threw it on the ground, for the water was changed into blood, and foamed fearfully over the brim.

"What is the matter?" said the groom. "Why throw away your costly drinking vessel so wildly?" He took it up, filled it again and offered it to Berghold. He seized it with a trembling hand, but scarcely had he touched

it than it again was filled with bloody foam; filled with horror, he dashed it far from him.

"What are you doing, dear master?" said the man, in astonishment. "You have spilled the clear, refreshing drink."

"It is poison, bloody poison," wildly exclaimed Berghold, as he gazed, fixedly at the spring. "A sorceress has poisoned the fountain."

"A bad dream must have taken possession of your fancy," said the groom, shaking his head. "How should this clear stream be poisonous? See, how it refreshes me." Hereupon he picked up the goblet, filled it and drank before Berghold's eyes.

The knight trembled; a cold shudder ran through him. "Yes, you are right," said he, "bad dreams have tormented me! Bad, bad dreams! Take care of the goblet, I cannot touch it." He mounted his horse and rode forward in silence. The high rocks were barren, without trees, without moss; the sun glistened upon their bare, flint-like sides. The ground beneath them was like ashes; the few scanty shrubs it bore were parched by the heat, and their leaves were withered.

"A fair, pleasant valley," said the groom, "how sweetly green and blooming everything looks, and how gently the stream murmurs as it runs along. It is just as if it were smiling on us with sparkling blue eyes!"

Berghold shuddered! He rode rapidly on. It seemed as if a hot fever were consuming his body. He rode till the breathless horse stopped of his own accord. In the evening he sank as if stupefied on the miserable bed of the little inn, and fearful dreams tormented him. Thus passed the first day, and all the following ones, until he reached the boundary of his native region, the edge of the mountains.

Here he felt less torturing anxiety, the burning heat in his bewildered brain diminished. He felt as if he had taken a cooling drink after a long, feverish thirst. He was obliged to pass near the mountain lake.

"Were it my death, my destruction," said he, "I will go there where she dwells. I will summon her, she shall punish me, destroy me. I still possess her ring, her last fearful present, at least *its* power is not destroyed. She *must* appear to me, let it be in what threatening aspect it may."

He gave his horse to the attendant, and pursued on foot the difficult, overgrown, but well known path to the enchanted lake. Alas, it was no longer to be recognized by the lovely green of the banks, the fresh branches of the whispering trees! The lake no longer smiled on him, blue

and clear! It waves were dark and sullen with blood-red foam; the rocks were naked, and barren and withered trees stretched their branches over the waters. Fearful sounds filled the air.

Pale and trembling, Berghold approached the brink of the water, drew his ring from his finger and cried—

“Ella! Ella! oh, thou forsaken, deceived, unhappy one, come and avenge thyself upon me.”

All was silent—only the hollow roaring continued. Berghold threw the ring into the lake, and cried with a loud voice, “Ella! Ella! Ella! rise from thy waters and take vengeance on the faithless!”

All was silent.

Then he climbed the overhanging rock, and exclaimed—“well, if thou wilt not come up to me, I will descend to thee.”

And he plunged forward into the deep waters, the waves closed above him, and he vanished.

The groom waited hour after hour for his return. The sun was near its setting, and a dark misgiving urged him to seek for his master. He tied the horses and entered among the mountains; he could easily track the footsteps on the fresh grass, and the dry earth that covered the rocks. He soon reached the lake; the waters were dark and much agitated; but the shores were green, and many shrubs grew on the dark bosom of the rocks. Weeping willows hung sorrowfully over the lake, and were reflected in its dismal waters. With a fearful presentiment the faithful groom approached nearer. There on the bank on a soft bed of turf, he discovered the inanimate body of his master. He lay still, like one sleeping. His features smiled; pearly drops of water trickled from his locks, yet they fell gracefully, as if arranged by a loved hand over his brow and shoulders. The gently murmuring water played about his feet. Notes of sadness were borne through the air, and as the evening twilight deepened, grey, cloud-like forms floated over the lake, and wailing sounds of lamentation issued from the waters and the heights above.

The servant buried his master on the same spot where he had found him, and planted a cross upon the mound. Close by he built a little hut, where he lived as a pious, solitary being all his days. And there when the moon faintly lighted the darkness of midnight, he often saw a white veiled figure sit mourning upon the grave.

But never since that day, however clearly the spring sky might look down upon it, however brightly the sun might shine, never has the lake regained its clear, mirror-like beauty. No one who lives among the mountains has seen the sun

or the stars of heaven reflected there, and no one knows the secrets its unfathomable depths conceal.

IS SHE A LADY?

BY HARRY SUNDERLAND. •

"MRS. TUDOR is a perfect lady," said my wife to me one day, after having received a visit from the individual she named.

"She may have the manners of a lady," I replied, "when abroad, but whether she be a lady at home or not, is more than I can tell. It is easy to put on the exterior of a lady; but to *be* a lady, is a very different thing."

"All that is true enough; but why do you connect such remarks with the name of Mrs. Tudor. Do you know anything to the contrary of her being a lady?—a lady at home, as you say, for instance."

"No, I can't say that I do; but, some how or other, I am a little inclined to be doubtful of the genuineness of Mrs. Tudor's claims to being a lady. Once or twice I have thought that I perceived an air of superciliousness to persons who were considered inferior. This is a rigid, but true test of any one's claims to being either a lady or a gentleman. No true lady is more careful of the feelings of those below her than she is of those who are upon an equality."

"But you only thought you saw this," said my wife.

"True, and my thoughts may be only a thought," I returned, "and unjust to Mrs. Tudor, who may be as much of a lady at home and under all circumstances, as she appears to be when abroad."

"What she is, I have not the least doubt," said my wife.

I never altogether fancied this Mrs. Tudor, although Mrs. Sunderland liked her very much. Before we built our new house, Mrs. Tudor did not know us, notwithstanding the fact that our pews had adjoined for two or three years. But after that event Mrs. Tudor found out that we had an existence, and became uncommonly gracious with my wife.

Not long after I had spoken out my mind in regard to Mrs. Tudor, that lady, in company with her husband, paid us a visit one evening, and after sitting an hour, invited us to come around and take tea with them on a certain evening in the ensuing week.

When the time came, as we had accepted the invitation, we went. We found about a dozen persons assembled, half of whom were entire strangers to us. Among these I soon perceived that there were two or three who, in the eyes of Mrs. Tudor, were a little superior to her other guests. On our entrance, we were introduced to them first, and with particular formality, our

lady hostess pronouncing their names in a very distinct manner, while her articulation of ours was so low that they were scarcely, if at all, heard. During the hour that passed before tea was announced, Mrs. Tudor confined her attentions almost exclusively to these two or three individuals, who were evidently persons of more consequence than the rest of us. So apparent was all this, that most of those who were in the room, instead of joining in the conversation, sat looking at the more favored guests.

"They must be persons of some importance," I could not help saying to my wife in an under tone, in which her quick ear detected something of sarcasm.

"For mercy's sake, Mr. Sunderland!" she replied, in a voice that only reached my own ear: "don't make remarks upon any of the company."

If she had said—"it is not gentlemanly to do so," she could not have conveyed what she wished to utter, more distinctly than she did.

I felt the force of her reproach, but could not resist the inclination I felt to reply.

"We have so good an example of what is polite and genteel, that it is not to be wondered if we profit a little."

"Mr. Sunderland! Why, will you?" My wife seemed distressed.

I said no more on the subject, content with having let her know that I was noticing the conduct of her perfect lady. I believe, if I could have seen her thoughts, that among them I would have detected this one among the rest; that it wasn't exactly fair and gentlemanly in me to remind her so promptly of the error she had probably committed in her estimate of Mrs. Tudor's character.

Fully absorbed as she was in showing attentions to her more favored guests, Mrs. Tudor did not perceive the cold, uncomfortable, unsocial feeling that had crept over the rest of her company.

Tea was at last announced. I felt relieved at this, and so, I perceived, did most of those around me. At the tea-table I expected to find Mrs. Tudor more general in her attentions. But no. These favored ones were served first, and "Mrs. ——— will you have this?" and "Mrs. ——— will you have that?" were almost exclusively confined to three persons at the table. Mr. Tudor, I remarked, noticed this, for he exerted himself in order to make all the rest feel at ease, which he succeeded in doing to a great extent.

Waiting upon the table was a female domestic, a young girl of good manners and appearance. To her Mrs. Tudor uniformly spoke in a way that

must have been felt as peculiarly disagreeable. The blindest smile, and the most winning expression of voice, would instantly change when Lucy was addressed, to a cold, supercilious look, and an under tone of command. Several times I saw the blood mount to the girl's forehead, as a word or tone more marked and offensive than usual, would be given so loudly as to be perceived by all. Once or twice, at such times, I could not resist a glance at Mrs. Sunderland, which was generally met with a slight, rebuking contraction of her brow.

Through the efforts of Mr. Tudor, who certainly did his part well, the tea-table party was a good deal more social than had been the individuals composing it while in the parlor. The favored guests, notwithstanding the incense offered them by our hostess, appeared in no way to esteem themselves as better than the rest, and as soon as opportunity was afforded them, tried to be at home with every one.

Once more in the parlors, and arranged there by a kind of social crystalization, I perceived that Mrs. Tudor was sitting between two of the ladies who were considered by her worthy of the most marked attention. There she sat, during nearly the whole of the evening, except when refreshments were introduced, when she accompanied Lucy round the room, occasionally speaking to her in a tone of offensive command or cutting rebuke.

For one, I was glad when the time came to go home, and I rather think that all present were as much relieved, in getting away, as I was.

"What is your opinion now?" I said, triumphantly, to Mrs. Sunderland, the moment we were in the street.

"My opinion," she replied, a little sharply, "is, that you did not act, in several instances, this evening, like a gentleman!"

"I did not!" I spoke with affected surprise, only; for I thought I knew what it was she meant.

"No, I am sorry to say that you did not. Nothing could have been more improper than the notice you took of what was passing. A true gentlemanly spirit would have led you to look away from, rather than at the weakness of our hostess."

"Look away from it, Mrs. Sunderland! How could I do that, pray? It was before my eyes all the time."

"You ought to have shut your eyes, then."

"Nonsense."

"Very far from it, Mr. Sunderland. You are ready enough to see the faults of other people." (In this, I must confess, my wife did not err very much)—"but quite willing to shut your

eyes to your own. Now, I think you acted just as bad as Mr. Tudor; and, in fact, worse."

"Worse! You are complimentary, Mrs. Sunderland."

"I can't help it if I am. Mrs. Tudor was carried away by her weakness to conduct herself in an unlady-like manner; but you, with her example before your eyes, and in a mood to reflect, permitted yourself to remark upon her conduct in a way calculated to give pain."

"In the name of wonder, what are you driving at Mrs. Sunderland! No one but you heard any remark I made."

"I wish I could think so."

"Who, besides yourself, heard what I said?"

"Mr. Tudor."

"Impossible!"

"He was sitting very near us when you so far forgot yourself as to notice, verbally, what was passing, and, I am well satisfied, either heard distinctly what was said, or enough to enable him understand the nature of you all said."

"You are surely mistaken," I said, feeling a good deal mortified, and perceiving much more clearly than I did before, the nature of my offence against good manners and propriety of conduct.

"I wish I were. But I fear I am not. I know that Mr. Tudor looked around toward you suddenly, and I noticed that he was much more particular afterward in his attentions to the rest of the company. At table, you may have yourself remarked this."

"Yes, I noticed it."

"And yet, even at the table, when he was doing his best, you again hurt his feelings."

"Me!"

"Yes, you. When Mrs. Tudor spoke harshly to Lucy, or did something or other that you thought out of the way, you must look your sarcasm at me, notwithstanding the eyes of her husband were upon you."

"But he didn't see me, then."

"Yes, but he did. I saw him looking directly at you."

"Oh, no! it cannot be." I was unwilling to believe this.

"I wish it were not so for my husband's sake," returned Mrs. Sunderland. "But the evidence of my senses I generally find it necessary to credit."

I must own that I felt considerably cut up, or cut down, which ever is the most mortifying state to be in. To look and whisper my censure in company, I had thought no great harm, but now that I found I had been discovered in the act, I had a mortifying sense of its impropriety.

"Well, anyhow," I said, rallying myself, and

speaking with some lightness of tone. "It is clear that Mrs. Tudor is no lady, for all you thought her such a pattern card of gentility."

"And I have not the least doubt," retorted my wife, "that it is equally clear to Mr. Tudor that you are no gentleman. So, on that score, the account stands fairly balanced between the two families."

This was a pretty hard hit; and I felt a little "riled up," as the Yankees say, but I concluded that the uttering of a few sharp sayings to my wife, under the circumstances, would not prove my claim to being a gentleman, especially against the facts of the case, and so I cooled down, and walked home rather silently, and in not the best humor with myself. On the next morning, I took up a little book from my wife's bureau, and sat down to look over it while waiting for the breakfast bell. It was a book of aphorisms, and I opened at once to a page where a leaf was turned down. A slight dot with a pencil directed my eyes to a particular line, which read—

"He who lives in a glass house shouldn't throw stones."

I am not sure that Mrs. Sunderland turned down that leaf in the book, and marked the sentiment for my especial benefit; though I strongly suspected her. At any rate, I deemed it best not to ask the question.

THE WINDOW OF DESPAIR.

A FRENCH STORY.

WE were just out of college, and determined, for the last time, to have one of those pleasant little parties which the first Thursday in every month had, for the last eight years, successively ushered in with so much merriment. The car came for us, and, laden with prizes, we jumped in, and were received the same evening at the castle of Sauvebœuf by the family of our friend and comrade. Leon de L——.

Leon's father was a little, lively, old man; I fancy I can see him now, seated at the long table, which was always lengthened to suit the number of guests. Toward the end of supper, Mr. L—— amused himself by telling our fortunes.

"You, Armand," said he, to a great fellow with a profusion of light curls, "you shall be seated upon the fleur-de-lis. You will wear a long, flowing robe. I will bet a bottle of Cahors that you will be a judge."

This prophecy excited our mirth; for, indeed, Armand was more of the nature of an epicurean than of the future judge in the council chamber. I accepted the bet. If Mr. L——, were alive now, I should lose it, for Armand is an attorney.

"Done!" cried the old man, "but as we must wait some time before it can be decided, I will, in the meantime, bring up one bottle out of my cellar, which I know you will like. It has been forty years there. Think of that, my young fellows." He got up and took a candle, and we all prepared to accompany him.

The cellar where he kept his wine was a large, vaulted room, similar to the vaults at Saint Denis's Church. At the farther end was a little Gothic door, entirely black. Barrels were laid along the walls, but a skilful eye soon discovered that this was not the original destination of the apartment. The pavement, although now unequal and broken, had been of smooth stone.

The old man was pleased with our surprise and admiration; he seated himself on an empty cask, and raised his candle so as to show every portion to the best advantage. And then the legend! for what old vaulted room had not one? The following is Mr. L——'s story.

After the wars with Holland, the youngest son of the Marquis de Sauvebœuf returned to this castle, (belonging to his father) and resolved to pass the remainder of his days in retirement and repose, after a somewhat disorderly youth. He was a gallant officer, and handled the sword and the lyre equally well, and was a great favorite

with the ladies of his time, and, moreover, a great spend-thrift.

The evening of his arrival he retired to his sleeping-room about eleven o'clock. Soon after all was quiet in the castle. The officer alone did not sleep; he who had been accustomed to the noise and uproar of the nights at Versailles, was disturbed by the silence around him. The moon was shining brightly, he opened his window and looked abroad on the landscape beneath him.

"The window of despair?" interrupted Leon.

"Hush!" said his father, "I say he opened a window, no matter which one. He was occupied in this manner, when, a little after midnight, on the other side of the river, behind a clump of trees, he saw a white robe float in the wind, and a female figure walked slowly along the bank. The officer rubbed his eyes, and felt, certainly, no inclination to go to bed yet. With caution, so as not to be observed, he descended the staircase, unarmed and bare-headed, and arrived at the gate leading to the water. Fortunately a little boat was tied to a tree; he jumped in, and a few strokes of the oar brought him to the other side. The lady in white was there still. She turned toward him, and then continued her rambling, quickening her pace a little as she beheld the officer following her. He went on until at last she led him to the top of the Arseme Hill. When he arrived here he heard a confused noise of trumpets, cries to battle, the clashing of arms, and tramping of horses, and although the moon shone clear, he could see nothing. Terrified and wearied, the young man sank to the ground. All that was known of him afterward was that he never appeared again under the banner of Louis XIV. He took orders and entered the church. He even became afterward an Abbé, no slight honor at that period, for the Abbés of Chancelade was always mitred and crosiered like a bishop."

Saying this, the old man opened the little Gothic door I have mentioned, and we beheld an empty tomb, more modern than the surrounding architecture. On the tomb was placed a figure in stone of a mitred Abbot, in tolerable preservation, notwithstanding the destructive and sacrilegious habits of the times. On the wall we deciphered, but with great difficulty, the escutcheon of Sauvebœuf, without arms or crown, and some pious inscriptions.

From one corner of this little apartment, Mr. L.— took a bottle of wine, and we bade adieu to the lordly sepulchre of the house of Sauvebœuf. On our return into the dining-room, we pressed the old man so anxiously for more details upon this interesting subject, that he sent

to his library for an old journal in manuscript, and read as follows:—

Toward the close of the thirteenth century, the Lord of Sauvebœuf, whose ancestors built this castle, was engaged in a war with two neighboring barons, those of Losse and Montignac. Sauvebœuf had a very pretty daughter; this young lady fell in love with the Baron de Losse. One day, when he was permitted to visit at her father's castle, he mounted his horse and descended the grand staircase backward. The gentleman also loved her very much, but soon saw a fearful rival in the person of Montignac, who managed to enlist de Losse in a war with Sauvebœuf, and by that means to further his own plans.

A great battle was fought at Sauvebœuf, where the Baron de Losse was killed, people said, by Montignac. It is certain, however, that he returned home with Sauvebœuf, who struck him on the shoulder, and called him "son-in-law."

The next day, in the midst of the merry-making, an old woman, pale and trembling, entered the banquetting hall. "Sire," she exclaimed, "there is an end to weddings and rejoicings, your daughter has thrown herself out of the window into the river, which flows so fast and so black between the rocks!"

At this sudden news, the Sire de Montignac was so overcome that he swallowed three pints of wine, one after another. As to Sauvebœuf, he swore he would make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and be slain under its walls, but it is not known if he accomplished his vow.

As to the truth of this story, it is indisputable. The window of despair exists yet. It is on the north side of the castle, two leagues from the little village of Montignac, and the castle of Losse, on the high Yezere rock, where the waters flows so fast and so black, between the rocks. P. H. S.

THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.*

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER IV.

LUCY JONES slept deeply all night, for her fatigue had been so great that even anxiety failed to overpower it. But the first breath of morning aroused her, and after that sweet moment of prayer which seems holiest when taken from the first hours of the day, she went down to her household duties blooming and refreshed. The massive old tea-kettle was already streaming and kissing over the fire, and Lucy was upon her knees, shading her cheek with one hand, while the other held a slice of half toasted bread before the embers, when her father came in. Never had she seen his step more buoyant, or his eyes more bright.

"A mouthful of breakfast, child," he said, stooping to kiss the fair girl's forehead, as she turned her face with an inquiring look upon him; "and then bring out my Sunday clothes, I must be gone again. Did I not say that the innocent should be righted?"

"What have you seen, father—what has happened?" cried Lucy, lifting the plate of toast from before the fire between her now trembling hands. "I can see by your eyes—by your whole face that something has happened. What is it, father?"

"What should you say?" cried the old man, planting his rifle in a corner of the room: "what should you think if I had seen them all—the whole gang of robbers, with that young villain at their head, rioting with wine, and fruit, and game over the young lord's plate—what would you think of that, Lucy?"

"But where, father; how did it all happen; how could you have seen all this?"

"Did I not say that he would find me a bound upon the track? I watched his window; I followed him after he had stole through it, away up the valley, and across the moor to the old tower among the hills—that is their den. I saw them all there last night—three besides Hyatt—all the plate too—I heard every word that passed among them. Now give me a cup of tea, Lucy, and get my things ready as I eat breakfast. I must find Manson's lawyer and tell him all this. Another week, Lucy, and John shall be in his cottage again, while that young scamp takes his turn at the dungeon and shackles."

"Oh, father!—and you will have done this—you will have set him free, his honest name clear of reproach, his faith in a just Providence stronger than ever. This is happiness, the sweetest, dearest that I ever knew!"

And with the bright tears rolling down her face, Lucy flung her arms around the old man, and kissed his forehead and his brown cheek.

"Not yet, Lucy: don't thank me yet, the work is only half done," cried the old man, cheerfully, and patting her head with his large hand. "Wait till Manson is out of prison, and that young villain in; wait till the whole nest of them are sent beyond seas; then—then, Lucy, we will have a day of thanksgiving, and a wedding day all in one!"

You should have seen how beautiful Lucy Jones was as her father uttered these words—how her cheeks bloomed out beneath the tears that trembled over them like drops upon an almond flower. You should have seen all this—the quick drooping of her white eyelids, the reddening of the lips, and the pleasant little tremor in which she was thrown—only to have had the faintest idea of the lovely picture she would have made while leaning upon the shoulder of that stalwart old man. I only wish that instead of this warm pen I had Huntington's pencil to lay in the tints for you.

Half an hour before, Lucy would not have blushed at the mention of John Manson and her wedding day, she was all too anxious for those sweet emotions that only evanesce from a happy heart like the sparkle from an overflowing goblet. But now that she had fair hopes that her lover's peril was over, the heroine went out from her soul. Her modesty, so becoming—her blushes so glowing and bright—all came back, and she would have found it much easier to have stood up by Manson's side on his trial, than to have looked for one moment into her old father's eyes.

So without a word of reply the young girl stole away to her work again; and was marvelously busy in the pantry, and around that ponderous old tea-kettle that sat upon its nest of flame, and kept singing on like a Phoenix rejoicing over the ashes that had given it birth. Marvelously busy and exceedingly beautiful was Lucy just then.

The old man glanced at her occasionally from beneath his heavy brows, and a grim smile stole over his lips. At last he arose briskly, and went into another room to change his clothes that bore many a rough testimony to the adventures of the night. When he came forth again Lucy had prepared a package of bread and cheese, which she placed in his simple pocket, and pressing another draught of ale on the old man, saw him depart

* Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1847; by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

with fearful eyes that blended sweetly with the smile that hope and gratitude sent every moment from her warm heart to the glowing lip.

She stood a moment hesitating, trembling, and then with a glow that flushed her face like a rose, ran through the honeysuckle porch and overtook her father as he crossed the garden.

"Father!"

The old man turned and looked kindly upon her.

"You—you will see him. He is so depressed, so miserable. If you could but bring yourself to——"

"Nay—nay, I must not tell him all till we are quite sure of catching the rogues. It might lift his hopes to disappoint him," said the old man.

"It was not that, father; but—but if you would but say that your own prejudice against him was removed; that, cleared or condemned, you will give your child to him. Oh, father, it would be such a comfort in his prison!"

Lucy began to cry as she spoke; her hands were clasped, and in that pretty attitude she looked so earnest and lovely, that the old man could not, if he wished, have denied her.

"Yes, yes—do not doubt it—I will say every thing that you ask. He is a fine fellow, Lucy, and I was an old brute to treat him as I did. Now give me a kiss, child, and stop crying. There, bless thee—bless thee! I will come back with good news."

The park-keeper went his way, and Lucy returned to the house, blessing the stout old man in her heart of hearts.

It was a long morning's walk which the old man had undertaken, and disappointment met him at the termination. For when he entered the town where Manson was awaiting his trial, and sought the lawyer who had taken charge of the case, he found that personage somewhat incredulous of the story he came to relate. But there was something so earnest about the old man that—withstanding the marvelous nature of his tale—the lawyer could not wholly reject it; and at last, after much solicitation, and a promise of ample payment from the witness, he consented to return home with the park-keeper, and aid in searching the ruined tower for the stolen treasure.

After a hasty visit to the jail, where the park-keeper left hope and sunshine behind him, the old man was taken into the lawyer's chaise, and driven across the country to the mountain tower.

There the old ruin stood, in its ivy mantle, quiet and picturesque as if nothing but rooks had inhabited it for centuries. A single horse track was indeed found beneath the tree where

Hyatt had tied his horse the night before; but this was the only vestige of his nocturnal visit that could be traced outside the ruin. This evidence, slight as it was, only served to strengthen the confidence which the lawyer was beginning to feel in the singular narrative of his companion, and he entered the tower with considerable animation.

It was a rude structure enough, and its state of dilapidation, when revealed by the daylight, made the old man tremble for the danger he had braved in exploring it in darkness. The walls on every side were rugged and broken—the cliffs choked up with moss, and fringed with creeping plants. Through the loop-hole windows rich masses of ivy vines had forced themselves, and streamed down the walls a host of emerald banners, rustling and swaying to the wind—and there was the old staircase curving around the wall, broken, tottering, and perilous even to look upon. Half the stone blocks that composed it had given way, and cumbered the ground on which the park-keeper and his companion stood; but the flooring overhead was more perfect, and after a moment's hesitation the lawyer consented to follow Jones as he mounted toward it along the disjointed staircase.

The old man, whose courage never wavered, turned from time to time, in order to aid or direct the footsteps of his more timid companion, who, nevertheless, reached the platform pale as death, and ready to abuse himself, and especially the park-keeper for the peril of his condition.

Jones easily found the wall which had afforded him concealment the night before, and pointed out the heap of fresh moss that he had torn from the crevices. His companion pushed open a door that seemed to have been recently hung, and entered the chamber which we have already described.

It was entirely empty, save a block or two of rough stone—not a vestige of the table, plate, or anything pertaining to the revel over night was to be detected. They searched in every corner, lifted the stones, and investigated each nook or crevice large enough to conceal a goblet, but all in vain. No trace of the stolen plate presented itself; a broken twig of ivy, and a few scorched leaves, where the lamps had hung, was all the proof that the disappointed old man could point out that his story had not been a fabrication from beginning to end. But these were something with a man whose life had been spent in tracing important facts from almost impalpable evidence, and once upon the scent, this old hound of the law was not easily driven from the chase.

"Let us search—let us search, friend Jones," he said, with great animation, tearing aside the

with his hands, hoping to discover some nook in the wall. "This fairy tale of yours must end in a golden treasure. Come, wrench away that huge vine; we will not move till the walls are laid bare from roof to floor."

The old lawyer was as good as his word; but when the rude stones were dismantled, and all their naked age exposed, it was only to result in disappointment. No hiding place was found, nothing to direct the search or create suspicion.

Still the two resolute men would not be discouraged; they went from nook to nook, from corner to corner of the old ruin, till all the upper part had been thoroughly explored; then they crept down the stairs, peering into crevices, and examining every stone as they went along, till nothing but the ground floor remained. This was cumbered with fragments of the ruin that had fallen from above; heaps of mortar, large stones, and all the accumulated litter of centuries, seemed to defy their search. Still they began laboring among the appalling mass, heaving aside great blocks of granite, and penetrating into each cavity that presented itself, till the night came on. Nothing was found, and the whole ruin had been thoroughly explored.

Disheartened, but not altogether in despair, the two men abandoned their search and descended the mountain. Entering the lawyer's chaise that had been left at the foot of the ascent, they drove across the moor, and it was not long after the night set in when Lucy Jones was startled by the appearance of her father and a strange guest.

In his conversation with the lawyer, Jones had been faithful to the confidence of his child. Not a word had crossed his lips of the mutual attachment that existed between her and the prisoner; but the old barrister was a quick observer, and while he sat in the park-keeper's easy chair apparently lost in a fit of musing, but in truth watching every look and motion of the beautiful girl, his conclusions were speedily drawn. He could not be deceived in the rising blush, the look of keen interest, and the involuntary start that followed each mention of the prisoner's name.

"Hem," mused the old lawyer, "so here lies the secret of it all. This pretty girl loves the handsome young robber; my stout old friend here doats on the girl, and so this fine story of the feast of gold has been invented between them. By my honor I have been playing day laborer in that old tower to a pretty purpose. I dare say the pretty minx is laughing at me in her heart all the time, demure as she looks, but they shall pay for it. By Jove, I will strip the old fellow's stocking of every piece he has hoarded

in it. If this story is made up he shall pay for it!"

Still the old lawyer was not quite sure. The girl looked so innocent, so touchingly lovely, that it was hard even for his suspicious nature to judge harshly of her; and there was the old father with stern passions written over his face, but honest in every lineament. It was no easy matter to believe either of these persons capable of falsehood and fraud, still the park-keeper's story was a very marvelous one, and the proofs of its truth meagre indeed.

"And so my pretty girl," said the lawyer, drawing up to the repast which Lucy had prepared, and helping himself to a slice of fragrant bacon, with a golden egg reposing lusciously upon it; "and so there seems to be a pretty fair chance that these crabbed laws of ours will hang or transport your lover one of these fine days."

Lucy started at the abrupt speech, and her cheek blanched, while the game-keeper looked up with stern reproof on his countenance.

"I trust not. Indeed I hope you do not think they will condemn him," said Lucy, in a tremulous voice. "The laws do not punish an innocent man. That is impossible!"

The old lawyer smiled; the simplicity with which that young creature acknowledged her connexion with the prisoner quite disarmed his suspicion.

"The laws are not always so considerate as you seem to think," he said; "people must not only be innocent, but must prove themselves so. Tut, tut, girl, you need not turn so white—we shall all do our best to get this handsome young fellow off. Perhaps something may be made out of this adventure of last night. It looks visionary enough now, but still evidence does sometimes spring up in stranger places."

The old park-keeper looked at his visitor, and instantly detected the half doubting expression of his face when he alluded to their search in the tower. For a moment a crimson glow gathered around the old man's eye-brows, and it was with a struggle that he kept down the indignation that swelled in his heart with the thought that his word was in any way doubted.

"His innocence shall be made clear as the sun at noonday. I will stand up in court and take oath to every word that has been said to you," he exclaimed, with emphasis.

"And they will shut you up as a lunatic for your pains," was the reflection of the old lawyer, but he only answered, "we must think about that—we must think well of it. That part of your story about abstracting the keys and entering the house, might bring your own neck into danger if the court should give it the

least credit. No man is bound to criminate himself."

"But this youth is the son of my old friend. I tell you, sir, he shall be freed from this charge, though my confession should send me to the colonies—nay, to the gallows!"

"All wrong—all wrong. It would be legal suicide, I tell you," replied the lawyer, cutting a slice of bread with great deliberation. "Besides, my impetuous friend, they would only set you down as an accomplice, and transport or hang you and the young fellow together, so do not venture on that ground without good, legal advice!"

"I will tell the truth," cried Jones, resolutely—"the whole truth—nothing but the truth, and they can make the most of it."

"Very well—very well, I have not the least objection! If you have a fancy for colonial life, or a lunatic asylum, it is all the same to me—only what is to become of this pretty girl when her father and lover are both taken beyond seas?"

The old park-keeper looked up at his daughter, and his firm lip began to quiver.

"She would go with them; their home should be hers, and, where they died, there would she be buried," said the noble girl, drawing close to her father, and laying a hand upon his shoulder.

The old man turned his eyes from that fair, young face to the lawyer, the latter remarked that they were full of tears.

"Well, well," he said, rising to conceal the moisture that crept over his own vision—"we must not let things come to that pass! Now, my pretty girl, show me where I am to sleep, and I will think the matter over between your lavendered sheets. It shall go hard if we cannot untangle this mystery."

Lucy took up a light, and leading the way to a bed-room that opened from the kitchen, unclosed the door for her guest.

"Good night," said the lawyer, turning to receive the lamp, and warmly shaking the little hand that presented it. "I shall be off at peep of day; your father must have a sharp eye on the young scamp down in the village yonder, and come to me every day or two with the news. Keep a good heart, girl—keep a good heart!"

With these cheering words, the lawyer shut himself in the neat little room which was appropriated to him for the night.

"Upon my word a charming little house-keeper!" he mused, glancing at the pure muslin curtain, and the snow white bed with its linen sheets turned down ready to receive him; "and the old man too—that is a wild story—but I can't look him in the face and believe it all a

sham for the life of me. Now if we could but delay the trial till after the rendezvous which he says these robbers have made; were the story more probable it might be done; but I should only get laughed at as it is. Upon my word it is a singular case, and I can but make the best of it for the sake of that lovely child if nothing more."

While these reflections were passing through the lawyer's brain, he wound up his watch, placed it carefully beneath the snowy pillow, and, proceeding to take off his garments, stepped into bed. Before Lucy Jones had breathed her evening prayer in the little chamber above stairs her guest was sound asleep.

It was the tenth day after Thomas Jones' adventure at the tower, and the trial of young Manson was ordered peremptorily. His lawyer had succeeded in having it put off from time to time; but now the court was within two days of the end of its time, and no further delay could be obtained.

The hour at length came, and the court was crowded—for the amount of the robbery, the high character which the prisoner had hitherto borne, with his firm denial of guilt—had excited more than the ordinary degree of curiosity elicited in such cases. Through this crowd of people young Manson was brought and arraigned before the open court. Nothing could be more proper than his demeanor. It blended all the dignity of innocence with that keen distress which the ignominy of his situation was calculated to excite. His cheek was pale; now and then his fine eyes would sink beneath the broad gaze of the multitude, but this natural embarrassment had no shadow of guilt about it; and when he was called upon to answer "guilty or not guilty," those eyes were turned full upon the jury, and his voice sounded full and clear through the whole room.

"Not guilty!" and so the prisoner was put upon his defence.

It seemed as if nothing could save him. The proofs of guilt were so overpowering as link after link was added to the chain of evidence that seemed to coil around him like a serpent, and threaten in the end to crush him to death. The prisoner's cheek grew still more pallid as the appearances of his guilt accumulated. His own friends—those who had known him from infancy, seemed destined—against their own will—to accomplish his condemnation. The old house-keeper from the manor house wept like a child, as she testified to his anxious and hurried manner when she sent to consult him regarding some household matters on the night of the robbery. "The business upon which she

desired his counsel occupied them some time," she said, "and from the beginning he seemed unusually restive and absent-minded, making more than one effort to depart, and seeming greatly annoyed when she continued to detain him." He had left the manor house rather late in the evening, she testified, and that was the last account she could give of his movements during the night. She testified that the prisoner alone had the keys to those rooms not inhabited during the lord's absence, and that no other person could obtain access to the plate closet without breaking through the door.

Two of the house servants corroborated this testimony; and one of them added that instead of going toward his own cottage when he left the manor house, Manson had gone in an opposite direction. He knew this because, the night being very beautiful, he had been tempted to walk forth after the prisoner took his leave at the door. The man asserted that while sauntering about in the moonlight he had seen Manson walking rapidly across the lawn and enter the park. The witness, without any definite reason, followed in the same direction, and after wandering about among the trees, was turning his steps homeward when he was startled by the sound of voices in an adjacent hollow. The sound was hushed as he approached the spot, but he had distinctly counted the figures of three men gliding away through the trees.

The man continued to relate that he should have been startled by the appearance of so many persons near the house in the night time, but that he supposed them to be some friends of Manson's from the village, who had probably been waiting while he was at the manor house. "This," the man said, "accounted to his mind for the anxiety Manson had manifested to get away; and he thought no more of the matter till after the robbery. Then he had made inquiries at the village—but could find no inhabitant who had been near the manor house that night, nor had any person seen Manson at the village."

All this bore fearfully against the prisoner, his case grew more and more hopeless. He felt that all around believed him guilty. He could not lift his eye without meeting the reproachful glance of some old friend. It was worse than the bitterness of death. He was innocent, and yet his courage gave way; big drops started on his forehead, and he turned despondingly around in search of one familiar face which would not accuse him. It was there! With her veil thrown back, and her blue eyes bent tenderly upon him, sat Lucy Jones, the noble girl who was pledged to become his wife, even though all the multitude

around should join in branding him as a felon. How pale and anxious she looked, and yet how full of tender resolution were those soft eyes! Every lineament of that beautiful face beamed with holy compassion, and confidence so pure that an angel might have worn the expression without impairing the glory of his countenance. And there stood the old park-keeper, resolute but anxious, with a thrill of the keenest anguish now and then sweeping away the stern composure from his countenance. His eyes were turned at intervals upon the prisoner; and his fingers, at such times, would take a firmer grip on his cane, and the stout walking stick vibrated to the emotions that agitated him.

When Manson saw these two beings standing there in the court, and thought that they were the only persons among the multitude who believed him innocent, his firmness gave way, and dropping his forehead upon his locked hands, he stealthily wiped away the tears that were unmanning him.

That moment, the old woman who took charge of his cottage, was brought to the witness stand. The people whispered that something yet more startling was to be developed, or the prisoner would not have been so agitated all of a sudden. The poor old woman had but little to say, and that she spoke with tearful reluctance. "Manson had left the cottage sometime after night fall," she said, "and she saw no more of him till the next day. She slept on the ground floor, and went to bed early, but remained awake, thinking that Manson would return. She had been in bed, perhaps, an hour, when a noise in the chamber above surprised her. It lasted but a moment, and then she distinctly heard a rustling in a cherry tree near the window, and the sound of cautious footsteps stealing away from the house. Some time after, it might be an hour or perhaps two, she heard Manson come in through the outer room and go up stairs. This was all that she could tell of his movements." Then came the persons who had found the pieces of plate buried beneath a vine that overran the prisoner's cottage; and here the counsel for the crown rested his case. Poor Manson, he had scanty evidence to offer in opposition to this array of facts. What was his previous good character against the appearances that thickened darkly around him? Who could he call upon to prove that the interval between leaving the manor house and retiring to his cottage, had been spent in hurrying to the park-keeper's cottage to keep tryat with its lovely inmate, and to find the house shut up, and darkness all around? Who would prove that the time he had spent in attempting to

arouse the fair girl, and in wandering along the river's brink for the mere pleasure of gazing upon the roof that sheltered him.

He had told Lucy of this, and she believed him; but who else would be found to place faith in the statement of an accused man? His heart grew faint as the time approached for his defence. He could not find courage to look upon the sweet face ever turned toward his. It was a moment of terrible depression; his consciousness of innocence seemed but a poor support then. In agony of spirit he groaned aloud.

The sound of his agony smote upon the game-keeper's heart. The cane shook more violently beneath his hands, and forcing a passage to the old lawyer who seemed about to arise, he whispered—

"Now—now I can keep silent no longer. I will speak!"

"Go back to your place for an old fool," was the counsellor's reply; "wait till you are called for. It is a wise man that knows when to speak and when to hold his tongue."

While he was saying this the lawyer had not changed his position, or looked upon the agitated old man. No one would have thought that he was at all interested in what was passing.

"But," persisted Jones.

"But," repeated the other, calmly twisting a piece of tape around some papers. "Go back to your seat and hold your tongue, or I shall take a fancy to knock you down in the court room."

The park-keeper did not quite obey this good natured rudeness, but he submitted to the most important injunction that of holding his tongue, and kept his place in restive silence.

The lawyer seemed in no hurry to open his case. It took him a long time to arrange his papers, and turn down the leaves in his sheep-skin books. At last he arose, took out his watch, smiled a little on finding it later than he had supposed, and opened his address to the court. Nothing so irrelevant had ever fallen from his lips before. He talked about everything but his case; grew poetical then prosy; then dashed off in a display of wit that seemed quite uncalled for in so grave a case, but which kept all around in a state of delighted attention. Nothing could have been more brilliant—nothing less to the purpose. A bystander would have said, "but that shrewd old lawyer had a purpose of his own, and carried it." It was late when he sat down, and the court had no time to hear the evidence which he professed to have in abundance to offer for the defence. So the trial was adjourned over to the next day.

"There," said the lawyer, turning to old

Jones with a smile, as the prisoner was taken out. "You see that it requires wisdom to know when to speak. They have got enough of it this time, I fancy."

A look of keen intelligence shot over the park-keeper's face, that a moment before had worn a look of contemptuous dissatisfaction.

"Oh, it is getting through that thick head of yours at last, is it?" he said, gathering up his hat and cane. "But this is no time for parleying; we must move briskly to reach the tower in time for the rendezvous with our friends of the road."

Jones started erect, and his eyes flashed beneath their heavy brows.

"We shall find them—oh, that long speech of yours—that I should have been cursing it in my heart all the while—the crazy lot of bombast. Why it will be the salvation of poor Manson after all."

"Of course it will. But bestir yourself, I have a posse of men waiting for our adventure, and horses ready saddled. With sharp riding we can be in the mountains by nightfall. You see I place all credit in this story of the robbers' feast; though others might think it smacked more of humbug than my speech itself."

"God grant that the scoundrels do not fail each other, and this night will give proof enough of what I have said," cried Jones, earnestly—"but they will not—heaven is aiding us."

"He has just found out the heavenly beauties of that speech; though I think the judge would be puzzled to do it," muttered the lawyer, laughing quietly as he went along.

Half an hour after this conversation, the old lawyer, accompanied by Thomas Jones and half a dozen men, among whom was a confidential clerk and a constable, were galloping across the country at full speed. By nightfall they reached the old tower; concealed their horses among the trees, and themselves in the thickets and among the rocks, each managing to command for himself a view of the tower.

The day had been clouded, and there was no moon, so as the night came on unusually dark, a faint sound now and then arrested their attention, as of footsteps half deadened by the turf on which they fell—next came the noise of hoofs. Some horseman was certainly ascending the mountain; this ceased, and then followed the muffled tramp of feet again. All waited in breathless anxiety, and every eye was bent upon the tower that loomed before them in the darkness like a giant draped in mourning.

"Hal see," cried Jones, grasping the lawyer's arm, "there is the light!"

Sure enough, at that instant a faint glow

beamed through the ivy vines half way up the tower, and for two or three yards around the leaves seemed bathed in gold.

"Not yet—not yet," whispered the lawyer, grasping the old man's arm. "It would be folly to surprise them till they have had time to unearth the spoil. Hark, they are on the ground floor among the stones. It was impossible to search that place thoroughly."

In truth the stillness was so profound that the watchers could all distinctly hear the crash of huge stones falling back on each other, mingled with the jingle of metal, and a faint hum of voices.

"Now!" whispered the lawyer—"now! there is only a light from the upper loop-holes! Move forward, one and all—but softly. These fellows have serpent ears."

Cautiously, and without disturbing a twig or branch in the way, the group of watchers moved forward and entered the tower. All was dark in the lower story, and they gathered around the entrance while Jones crept softly up the stairs. The rest were somewhat cautious of venturing upon the perilous ascent. He reached the platform in safety, and turning the bright side of a pocket lantern with which the lawyer had supplied him, lighted the rugged pass for the rest to ascend.

One by one they crept along the threatening pass, till one half the number stood upon the platform, while the remainder guarded the entrance below.

The old lawyer bent his eye to the crevice which Jones had found so convenient on another occasion, and looked into the room. Two men were sitting upon some fragments of stone in the centre of the apartment, and two others knelt by a heap of plate and other valuables, which they were dividing into separate parcels. One of these men held a lamp, which added to the glitter from the precious metal, threw a broad light on his face, and though the others were watching him keenly, the arch rogue contrived to slide several of the smaller articles into his pocket without detection.

"I say, Smith, neither you nor Hyatt have a right to those goblets—so just put them on the other heap," cried one of the men, with some asperity. "Blakely and I are both sober as judges to-night, so you need not expect to overreach us."

"This is but a fair division," said Smith, holding the goblet irresolutely in his hand, and looking at Hyatt who turned angrily around.

"None of your black looks," cried the man. "We brought four of those goblets from the old house, just one a piece—if you and Smith chose

to bury yours under that young fellow's grape vine in order to get him hanged, it was no affair of ours. You had your motives, and must pay for them. These two goblets fall to us, I say, so pitch them on the other heap, and it will save trouble!"

"What do you mean, scoundrel?" cried Hyatt, turning fiercely upon the speaker. "How dare you speak in this tone to us!"

"Hush!" said the man Smith, forcing Hyatt to his knees again. "Let them have the cups, we will not quarrel with one another."

"But we may quarrel notwithstanding," said the young man Blakely. "I tell you, Hyatt, we may join you willingly enough when an old woman or a rich lord is to be pillaged; but when it comes to hanging innocent men for our own frolics, the thing becomes serious."

"What do you mean?" cried Hyatt, white with rage. "I have hung no man!"

"No," replied the other, with a bitter laugh, "you did not wheedle us out of the cups in order to fasten guilt on that young fellow who is now on trial! You did not prompt the officers and sow suspicion against him! I saw the poor fellow in court to-day; and that pretty girl with her mournful eyes. It was enough to make an honest man of me. By Jove, I had half a mind to quit the concern altogether; come out like a man and tell the whole."

"You were, ha!" said Hyatt, and his eyes began to gleam. "You were."

"Yes, and may yet if you put on that air too often. I am not to be bullied, friend, let me tell you that to begin with."

Hyatt sprang upon the young man like a tiger; but Smith seized him with both powerful arms, and dragged him back to the floor.

"None of this; Hyatt was not in earnest; he did not intend to strike you, Blakely. There, take the goblets and be friends."

Smith flung the goblets on Blakely's share of the spoil, and bending down to Hyatt whispered in his ear. Hyatt started up and offered his hand to Blakely.

"You are right, the cups do belong to your portion. Let the thing drop."

Blakely still remained sullen, and rejected the offered hand. Smith and Hyatt exchanged glances.

"Well, well, we shall be better friends before the next rich job presents itself," said Smith. "Now let each take his share and be off."

"He will betray us," whispered Smith, as Blakely and his companion were loading themselves with the plunder.

"If he lives to do it!" said Hyatt lifted his serpent eyes with a look that made even the

squint robber recoiled. It was but a momentary glance, and then Hyatt began like the others to gather up his share of the valuables. He was interrupted by a sound from the platform. A loud, clear voice uttering the single word—"now!"

The door was flung open, and the passage choked with men.

"Villain, I have you at last!" shouted Thomas Jones, flinging himself toward Hyatt, but his impetuosity defeated itself; the wary rogue darted by him like an arrow and was gone, still hugging the stolen plunder to his bosom. Jones sprang after him, but was arrested on the platform by a shriek so wild, so terrible in its unearthly sharpness that his very blood ran cold. A crash, the clink of falling metal, and another cry followed the first—then all was still as death. The three robbers stood motionless and white as death, each pinioned between two men as pale and horror-stricken as himself. Not a word was spoken, not a breath was drawn—the profound stillness seemed more awful even than that shriek had been.

At length the old lawyer took up the lamp which had been overturned, but not extinguished in the scuffle, and going out to the platform held it down. A yawning chasm met his view. That wretched man, in the haste of his flight, had sprang with all his weight upon one of the most time-worn steps. It bent beneath him, and then came forth that terrible shriek. His arm was flung out in vain. The plate thus freed fell down, and this slight impetus served to uproot the stone entirely from its hold on the wall. Another shriek, and then came that void in the staircase tower which the old lawyer held his lamp. The light could reveal no more. It could not penetrate to the mangled body that lay warm and palpitating; yet dead, far down in a vault below the ground from which the robbers had brought forth their plate. They had left an aperture near the stairs yawning to receive the dead robber as he fell with his golden plunder flashing down to mock his disfigured corpse.

Cautiously, and trembling with awe, the men left above let themselves across that fearful rent and chasm. The stairs, captors, and criminals adding each other like friends in mutual peril. In silence they abandoned the tower; now and then the old lawyer gave an order under his breath, but this was all. The rest mounted and rode slowly down the mountain, oppressed by the awful scene they had witnessed.

In this mood the cavalcade rode into town in the grey of that morning which was to decide the fate of John Manson.

Now it was decided. I need not relate for

Blakely kept his word, and that day told the whole truth as a witness for the crown.

You should have heard the shout that went up from the court-room when John Manson was declared "not guilty." You should have seen Thomas Jones standing there pressing the young man's hand in his with the grip of a vice, while the hot tears went raining down his cheek like rain upon the embrowned leaves of autumn. You should have seen that lovely girl—sweet Lucy Jones—with her blue eyes shining like humid violets, and those bright lips all in a quiver of holy joy! Then again you should have been in that stone cottage on the wedding day. Such a day! It seemed made on purpose for them. Never were flowers so bright as those that caught the breezes that morning. You might have found violets on the river's bank that scented everything about, till the very grass that hid them was bathed in fragrance. The spicy breath of the honeysuckles came sweeping in from the porch; and moss-roses, there would have been more of them, but Lucy had rifled the finest bush, just under the window, to make a garland for her head, and there they bloomed among those beautiful tresses white as snow, but with the faintest blush slumbering at the core, as if the moss had caught fire and was just beginning to kindle. The old lawyer stood rubbing his palms softly together when the lovely girl came forth with her bridal dress relieved with ribbons of the faintest possible rose color, and the prettiest blush coming and going on her cheek. And the old park-keeper, it would have done you good to see how social and animated he was that day. The very house dog looked jovial in the white ribbon which some mischievous youngster from the village had tied about his neck; and as for the swallows, there never was such a rout as they had around the chimneys and under the eaves, back and forth through the honeysuckles. It really seemed as if they knew what was going on within doors; and were determined to have a time of it as well as their betters.

Altogether it was a day worth remembering, I can assure you. The prettiest sight you ever saw was that bridal group as they passed under the old trees toward the church. As for Manson his fine face was all in a glow of happiness. And the old lawyer's heart was so melted and warmed up, that immediately on retiring from the church, he slipped a little paper parcel into Lucy's hand, which on opening she found to contain fifteen golden sovereigns, exactly the money that had been him paid for that long speech, which being the first instance

within my knowledge of a lawyer relinquishing a fee once obtained, I feel in duty bound to give it honorable record. Altogether it was one of the pleasantest weddings that it has been my good fortune to chronicle, of that I am perfectly satisfied.

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THE FIRST AND LAST QUARREL.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

"IF I am his wife, I am not his slave!" said young Mrs. Huntley, indignantly. "It was more than he dared do a month ago."

"If you love me, Esther, don't talk in this way," said Mrs. Carlisle.

"Am I his slave, aunt?" and the young bride drew herself up, while her eyes flashed.

"No, Esther, you are his wife."

"To be loved, and not commanded! That is the difference, and he has got to learn it."

"Were Edward to see and hear you now, do you think your words, manner and expression, would inspire him with any new affection for you?"

"I have nothing to do with that. I only express a just indignation, and that is a right I did not alienate when I consented to become his wife."

"You are a silly girl, Esther," said Mrs. Carlisle, "and I am afraid will pay dear for your folly. Edward has faults and so have you. If you understood the duties and responsibilities of your position, and felt the true force of your marriage vows, you would seek to bend into better forms the crooked branches of your husband's hereditary temper, rather than commit an irreparable injury by roughly breaking them. I was not pleased with Edward's manner of speaking; but I must admit that he had provocation. That you were first, and, therefore, most to blame."

"I objected to going with him to the opera, because I particularly wanted to call and see Anna Lewis to-night. I had made up my mind to this, and when I make up my mind to any thing I do not like to be turned from my purpose."

"Edward resembles you rather too much in that respect. Therefore, there must be a disposition to yielding and self-denial on one side or the other, or unhappiness will follow. Hitherto, as far as I have been able to see, the yielding has all been on the part of Edward, who has given up to you in everything. And now when he shows that he has a will of his own, you become very indignant, and talk about not being his slave."

"It is too bad for you to speak so, aunt! You never think I do anything right." And Esther burst into tears.

Meantime Edward Huntley, the husband, was at the opera, listening to, but not enjoying the beauties of Norma. It was only a month since he had led to the altar his beautiful bride, and felt

the happiest man in the world. Before marriage he thought only of how he should please Esther. The deference of his own wishes to hers was felt as no sacrifice. But after the hymenial contract had been ratified, his feelings began, gradually, to change. What he had yielded in kindness was virtually demanded as a right, and against this, the moment it was perceived, his spirit rose in rebellion. In several instances he gave way to what savored, much more than he liked, of imperiousness.

Norma had just been brought out, and received with unprecedented favor. The newspapers were filled with its praises, and the beauties of the opera were spoken of by every one. A friend lauded it with more than usual enthusiasm, on the day it was advertised for a third performance.

"You haven't heard it yet?" he said, with surprise, on learning that Huntley had yet to enjoy that pleasure.

"No, but I think I will buy tickets for to-night."

"Do by all means. And get them at once, or you will not be able to secure a seat."

It was in the afternoon, and Huntley could not ask his young wife about it, unless he made a special errand home, which, as he lived some distance away from his office, would be inconvenient. Not in the least doubting, however, that Esther would be pleased to go to the opera, as she had more than once expressed a wish to see and hear Norma, he secured tickets and considered the matter settled.

Now that the gratification of hearing the opera was so near at hand, Huntley kept thinking of the enjoyment he was to have, and wishing for the time to pass more rapidly. He pictured, too, the pleasure that Esther would feel and express when she found that he had procured tickets. Half an hour earlier than usual he was at home. He found Esther and her aunt, Mrs. Carlisle, with whom they were living, in the parlor.

"We are going to see Norma to-night," said Huntley, in a gay voice, and with a broad smile upon his face, as he sat down beside Esther and took her hand.

"We are?"

The tone and look with which this was said, chilled the warm feelings of the young man.

"I am, at least," he said, in a changed voice.

"And I am not," as promptly and much more decidedly, replied Esther.

"Oh, yes you are." This was said with a suddenly assumed, half playful, yet earnest manner. "I have bought tickets, and we will go to-night."

"The least you could have done was to have asked me before you bought tickets," returned Esther. "I wish to go somewhere else to-night."

"But, as I have the tickets now, you will go of course. To-morrow night will do as well for a visit."

"I wish to make it to-night."

"Esther, you are unreasonable." Huntley knit his brows and compressed his lips.

"We are quite even then." The pretty lip of the bride curled.

"Esther!" said Huntley, assuming a calm but cold exterior, and speaking in a firm voice. "I have bought tickets for the opera to-night, thinking that to go would give you pleasure, and now my wish is that you accompany me."

"A wish that you will certainly not have gratified. I believe I am your wife, not your slave to command."

There was something so cutting in the way this was said, that Huntley could not bear it. Without a word he arose, and taking his hat, left the house. In a fever of excitement he walked the street for an hour and a half, and then, scarcely reflecting upon what he did, went to the opera. But the music was discord in his ears, and he left before the performance was half over.

The moment Esther heard the street door close upon her husband, she arose and went from the room where she was sitting with her aunt, moving erect and with a firm step. Mrs. Carlisle did not see her for two hours. The tea bell rang, but she did not come down from her chamber, where, as the aunt supposed, she was bitterly repenting what she had done. In this, however, she was mistaken, as was proved, when on joining her in her room for the purpose of striving to console her, the conversation with which our story opens took place.

When the fit of weeping with which Esther received the reproof her aunt felt called upon to give, had subsided, Mrs. Carlisle said, in a most solemn and impressive manner.

"What has occurred this evening may prove the saddest event of your whole life. There is no calculating the result. No matter whose the fault, the consequences that follow may be alike disastrous to the happiness of both. Are you prepared, thus early, for a sundering of the sacred bonds that have united you? And yet, even this may follow. It has followed with others, and may follow with you. Oh! the consequences of a first quarrel! Who can anticipate them?"

The voice of Mrs. Carlisle trembled, and then sank almost with a sob. Her manner more than her words startled Esther.

"What do you mean, aunt?" she said.

But her aunt was too much disturbed to speak for some minutes.

"Esther," she at length said, speaking in a

voice that still trembled, "I knew a girl, who, at your age, married an excellent, but proud spirited young man. Like Edward, the lover yielded too much, and when, as the husband, he began to be a little less considerate, and to act as if he had a will of his own, his wife set herself against him just as you set yourself against Edward. This chafed him, although he strove to conceal his feelings. But, in an unguarded moment, when his young wife was more than usually self-willed, a quarrel of no more serious character than the one that has occurred this evening, between you and Edward, took place. They parted in anger as you parted, and——"

The aunt was unable for some time to control her voice sufficiently to finish the sentence—

"And, never met again," she at length said, with such visible emotion as betrayed more than she had wished to reveal.

"Never met again!" ejaculated Esther, a sudden fear trembling through her heart, and causing her cheek to grow pale.

"Never," was the solemn response.

"Why, dear aunt? Why?" eagerly inquired Esther.

"Pride caused him," said Mrs. Carlisle, recovering her self-possession, "after a breach had been made, to leave not only his home, but the city in which he lived. Repenting of her ungenerous conduct, his bride waited anxiously for his return at evening, but waited in vain. Sadly enough passed the lonely hours of that dreadful night, and morning found her a sleepless watcher. Days passed, but no word came from the unhappy wanderer from home and love. A week, and still all was silence and mystery. At the end of that time a letter was received from a neighboring city, which brought intelligence to his friends that he was there, and lying dangerously ill. By the next conveyance his almost frantic wife started for the purpose of joining him. Alas! She was too late. When she stood beside the bed upon which he lay, she looked only upon the inanimate form of her husband. Death had been there before her. Esther! thirty years have passed since then, but the anguish I felt when I stood and looked upon the cold, dead face of my husband, in that terrible hour, time has not altogether obliterated!"

Esther had risen to her feet, and now stood with her pale lips parted, and her cheek blanched to an ashy whiteness.

"Dear aunt! Is all this true?" she asked huskily, while she grasped the arm of her relative.

"Heaven knows it is too true, my child! It was the first and last quarrel I had with my husband. And now, as you value your own

and Edward's peace of mind, be warned by my sad example, and let the present unhappy difference that has occurred be quickly reconciled. Acknowledge your error the moment you see him, and make a firm resolution that you will, under no circumstances, permit the slightest misunderstanding again to take place. Yield to him, and you will find him ready as before to yield to you. What he was not ready to give under the force of a demand, love will prompt him cheerfully to render."

"Oh! if Edward should never return!" Esther said, clasping her hands together. She had scarcely heard the last sentence of her aunt.

"You need not fear on that account, my child," replied Mrs. Carlisle, in a voice meant to inspire confidence. "Edward will no doubt return. Few men act so rashly as to separate themselves at the first misunderstanding, although, too often, the first quarrel is but the prelude to others of a more violent kind, that end in severing the most sacred of all bonds, or rendering the life that might have been one of the purest felicity, an existence of misery. When Edward comes home to-night, forget everything but your own error, and freely confess that. Then, all will be sunshine in a moment, although the light will fall and sparkle upon dewy tear-drops."

"I was mad to treat him so!" was Esther's response to this, as she paced the floor, with uneasy step. "Oh! if he should never return."

Once possessed with the idea that he would never return, the poor wife was in an agony of fear. No suggestion made by her aunt, in the least relieved her mind. One thought—one fear—absorbed everything else. Thus passed the evening until ten o'clock came. From that time Esther began to listen anxiously for her husband's return, but hour after hour went by, and she was still a tearful watcher.

"I shall go mad if I sit here any longer!" murmured Huntley to himself, as the music came rushing upon his agitated soul, in a wild tempest, toward the middle of the opera, and, rising abruptly, he retired from the house. How still appeared the half deserted streets! Coldly the night air fell upon him, but the fever in his veins was unabated. He walked first up one street and then down another, with rapid steps, and this was continued for hours. Then the thought of going home crossed his mind. But he set his teeth firmly and muttered audibly,

"No! To be defied, and charged with being a tyrant? No! And has it come to this so soon?"

The more Huntley brooded, in this unhappy mood over his wife's words and conduct, the

denser and more widely refracting became the medium through which he saw. His pride continually excited his mind, and threw a thick veil over all the gentle emotions of his heart. He was beside himself.

At one o'clock he found himself standing in front of the United States Hotel, his mind made up to desert the affectionate young creature, who, in a moment of thoughtlessness, had set her will in opposition to his. To leave the city, under an assumed name, by the earliest lines, and go, he knew not nor cared not where. Blind passion was his prompter and guide. In this feverish state, he entered the hotel and called for a bed.

Eleven, twelve, one o'clock came, and found Mrs. Huntley in a state of wild agitation. Edward had not yet returned. The silence and evident distress of Mrs. Carlisle, struck down the heart of Esther, almost as much as her own fears. The too vivid recollection of one terrible event in her own life, completely unbalanced the aunt's mind, and took away all power to sustain her niece.

"I will go in search of him, aunt!" exclaimed Esther, as the clock struck two. "He cannot leave the city before daylight. I will find him, and confess all my folly before it is too late."

"But where will you go, my child?" Mrs. Carlisle asked in a sad voice.

"Where—where shall I go?" eagerly inquired Mrs. Huntley.

"It is midnight, Esther. You cannot find him now."

"But I must see him before he leaves me, perhaps forever! It will kill me. If I wait until morning, it will be too late."

Mrs. Carlisle bent her eyes to the floor, and for the space of more than a minute remained in deep thought. She then said, in a calm voice,

"Esther, I cannot believe that Edward will desert you on so slight a provocation. For a few hours, his mind may be blinded with passion, and be swayed by false judgment. But morning will find him cooler and more reflective. He will see his error and repent of any mad act he may have contemplated. Still, to guard against the worst of consequences, should this salutary change not take place, I think it would be best for you to go early to the boat, and by meeting him prevent a step that may cost you each a life of wretchedness."

"I will do it! He shall not go away! Oh! If I could once more meet him! All would be reconciled on the instant."

Confident in her own mind that Edward had determined to go away from the city in the morning, and fully resolved upon what she

would do, Esther threw herself upon the bed, and in snatches of uneasy slumber, passed the remainder of that dreadful night. At day dawn she was up, and making preparations for going to the boat to intercept her husband.

"Be self-possessed, my dear niece," urged Mrs. Carlisle, in a voice that trembled so she could scarcely speak.

Esther tried to reply, but, though her lips and tongue moved, there was no utterance. Turning away, just as the sun threw his first rays into her chamber window, she went down stairs, and her aunt, no longer able to restrain herself, covered her face with her hands and wept.

On the day before, Esther had laid her gloves on one of the parlor mantles, and she went in to get them. It was so dark that she could not see, and she, therefore, opened a window and pushed back one of the shutters. As she did so, a sound between a sigh and a groan fell upon her ear, and caused her to turn with a start. There lay her husband, a sleep upon one of the sofas! A wild cry that she could not restrain, burst from her lips, and, springing toward him, she threw her arms about his neck as he arose, startled, from his recumbent position.

An hour's reflection, alone in the room he had taken at the hotel, satisfied Huntley that he was wrong in not going home. By the aid of his night key he entered, silently, at the very time his wife resolved to seek him in the morning, and throwing himself upon a sofa in the parlor to think what he should next do, thought himself to sleep.

All was of course, reconciled. With tears of joy and contrition Esther acknowledged the error she had committed. Huntley had his own share of blame in his impatient temper, and this he was also ready to confess. He did not, however, own that he had thought of deserting his wife on such slight provocation, nor did she confess the fearful suspicion that had crossed her mind.

It was their first and last quarrel.

RED BANK.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

I.—THE LOVERS.

THERE is a handsome mansion still standing in Philadelphia, which, in 1777, was surrounded by gardens that made it even handsomer. On an evening, toward the close of that year, two individuals within that garden were engaged in earnest conversation. One was a young man, apparently about twenty-five, noble in form and commanding in feature: the other was a fair and beautiful girl, on whom eighteen summers had just shed their roses. The moon was in her first quarter, and cast but a faint light through the little arbor in which these two persons sat. The evenings were already chill, and though the female wore a thick shawl to guard against the night air, her companion, ever and anon, in the midst of their earnest conversation, paused to draw the shawl closer around her, and express his fears lest she should take cold. It was evident from all this that they were lovers.

"And, in spite of all these dangers, you are bent on going?" said the female.

"It is my duty, and, therefore, I go," was the reply. "It is true that if detected I will probably die, for since the British have gained possession of the city, what was formerly patriotism becomes treason. But if the forts below the city can be defended—if Red Bank and the opposite one at the mouth of the Schuylkill can be held—it will be impossible for Sir William Howe to remain in the town. I go, therefore, to assist in their defence. I will put off from one of the wharves, in the dead of night, and so escape the sentinels. If I live to return, you will be mine—if I fall, we shall meet in heaven."

He spoke solemnly. His companion burst into tears, and for some minutes sobbed on his bosom.

"Nay, dearest," he said at last, "you surely do not desire me to stay. The emergency is one when every American ought to give his sword, as well as his voice to his country. The enemy is in possession of my native city, the capital of the land; men are wanted to defend our rights: shall I then remain idly at home?"

"Oh! no, no," she exclaimed, raising her weeping eyes from his shoulder. "Go. The God of Freedom will protect you. It is only a woman's weakness," she said, with a smile, and laying her hand on her heart, continued—"the patriot here is more firm."

"You will pray too for our success, Lucy," he said.

"Morning and evening, hourly each day," was her response.

"And do not give way to panic, dearest," he said. "The defence may be protracted—it may be months before we shall meet again. If you do not hear from me, you must not, therefore, despond. The distance that will separate us will be but a few miles, yet you being in a city held by the British, and I in a hostile fort, our means of communication will be uncertain and perilous. Whenever I can, I will send you word of myself, if it is only a line."

"I have but one fear," she said, "which is that you will be detected in leaving the city."

"We must trust in God," he said. Then, after a pause, he added, "I have a sure means of letting you know of my safety, should I escape without harm. If, by to-morrow's dawn, you do not find a faithful messenger, knocking at your window, think of me as of the dead."

This confidence in being able to send her intelligence of his escape was enigmatical to Lucy; nor even when she noticed, after taking leave of her lover, that her pet dove was gone, did she understand it. After their private interview, they had returned to the parlor where the rest of the family was assembled, and then, for an instant, her lover had stepped into the hall, before he took his final leave. Lucy checked her tears, for his design was to be concealed from her family, and she parted with him as usual. He only remarked lightly to her parent and sister, as he was going way, that he should leave the city in the morning, and not return for some weeks. As Lucy's family belonged to the aristocracy of Philadelphia, who were generally disaffected to the popular cause, it was not thought safe to entrust them with the secret.

Poor Lucy, how she wept on her pillow that night! Every noise in the street made her start, fancying it was her lover in the power of the royal soldiers. She did not close her eyes through the whole night, but put up continual prayers for her lover's safety.

She was rewarded, however, for at early dawn she heard a light knock at the casement. Remembering her lover's promise she advanced to the window, and lo! her pet dove stood on the sill outside, tapping with his tiny beak against the glass. A note was tied to a ribbon around his neck. The whole stratagem flashed across her.

"He stole my pet," she exclaimed delightedly, "to make him the messenger of good news."

And, opening the casement, she hugged the bird to her bosom, and kissing the missive again and again, tore it open and read of her lover's safety.

II.—THE BATTLE.

HOWARD STANLEY, for that was the name of our hero, had safely run the gauntlet of the

British sentinels and gained the fort, where he was joyfully received. This was on the 26th of October, 1777. Two days after the memorable battle of Red Bank occurred. Too little space has been devoted by our revolutionary annalists in general to this conflict, which was one of the most gallant and triumphant during the whole war of Independence.

Red Bank is situated on the eastern shore of the Delaware river, about nine miles below Philadelphia, and directly opposite the mouth of the Schuylkill. A fort was erected here, as also on the western side of the river; and these it became necessary for the British to reduce before their fleet could sail up in safety to the city. On the twenty-second of October accordingly, a furious attack was made on these positions, especially on Red Bank.

The American garrison consisted of but five hundred men, commanded by Col. Christopher Greene, of Rhode Island. The enemy numbered twelve hundred, and were led by the Count Donop, a German officer of bravery and experience. At the same time that an assault was made by these troops on the land side, the royal fleet commenced a tremendous cannonade from the water. In the city, meanwhile, all was anxiety and alarm. Those who had relatives in the American camp, or who were friendly to the cause of their country, sent up silent prayers to heaven for the success of our arms, as each reverberation of the cannon boomed in the distance. The heart of Lucy, during the whole day, beat with terrible anxiety. It is almost impossible for our fair readers to appreciate the anxiety their sex was called on to undergo during those dark and fearful times, when a brother, a lover, or a husband, fighting in the holy cause of liberty, might be expected every moment to meet his death. Oh! many were the tears then shed, many the weary hours of watching then spent, many the broken heart that went down to an early grave to follow some martyr of freedom, whose gallant heart had been stilled on the battle field.

In the fort, however, there was no time for any thoughts, except those of defence. The British column advanced bravely to the assault, but was repulsed after a desperate struggle. The fleet, however, opened its fire. Soon the air shook with incessant explosions of artillery, while bombs traversed the sky, hissing as they went, and leaving fiery trails like comets behind them. All day the furious cannonade continued. Two of the British frigates grounded, and could not be got off. The next morning the battle was renewed. The Americans, from their little fort, hurled missiles incessantly into the fleet,

which, on its part, replied with terrible vehemence. The inhabitants around gathered in crowds to behold the fight, and many a huzza went up as a well-aimed shot struck the enemy. At last the Augusta, one of the royal frigates, blew up with a stunning explosion. This disaster completed the defeat of the enemy.

During the whole of the first day's struggle, Lucy had succeeded in concealing her anxiety, but when night came and no intelligence was received from the fort, except that Count Donop had been repulsed and killed, her suspense grew agonizing, and her looks alarmed her parents. They tenderly inquired if she was ill; but she declared she was not. They saw something preyed on her mind, but as yet did not suspect the truth. All that night she could not sleep, and when morning revealed her hollow eyes and wearied expression, her family grew alarmed. With the day the sound of the cannonade recommenced, and then her anxiety became even greater than before. At every report she would start. At last her father began to suspect the truth. His skillful questions soon brought Lucy to a confession; but alas! instead of receiving comfort, this only added to her grief; for her parent, who had never suspected Stanley's patriotic sentiments were very serious, was terribly angry at his conduct, and forbade his daughter ever to think of him again.

"No child of mine," he said, "shall marry a rebel. Choose between him and a father's curse."

III.—THE TRIAL.

Poor Lucy! To be an alien from her parent's house, or to discard her lover—this was the alternative presented to her. But this was not all her trial. No word had been received of our hero, and she knew not whether he was alive or dead. In these comparatively happy days, it is considered a trial to be separated for a few weeks from those we love, even when no unusual peril attends their absence. How different with Lucy! She saw that her family looked coldly on her, moreover, for having countenanced such conduct in her lover. She had no one to whom to look for sympathy. Alone she wept, and wept day and night, until she became the shadow of her former self.

A month had nearly passed, when the sounds of distant guns announced another battle below the city. The royal fleet, after great labor, had succeeded in introducing a man-of-war into a creek behind Fort Mifflin, and now a general attack from all the shipping had followed. The little garrison from the fort replied gallantly with what cannon they had, and the guns from Red Bank, across the river, lent their aid. All

day the roar and blaze of artillery shook the heavens. Lucy was again in agonies of suspense. Even if her lover had escaped in the first battle, he might fall a victim in the present one. This thought continually tormented her. She pictured him dying, at that very moment, without a single friend to hold his sinking head; and as this image arose before her she burst into a flood of tears and sank on her bed.

The next day passed, but brought no intelligence from our hero, though it was known in the city that Fort Mifflin had been abandoned in the night as untenable, and it was supposed that both its garrison and that of Red Bank had dispersed. Lucy was now convinced that her lover was no more. If living, she knew he would have found some means to communicate with her. But that evening, as she strolled into the garden and entered the little arbor, she heard a familiar voice whisper her name, and in an instant Howard Stanley stood beside her.

For awhile she forgot everything in joy at his safety, and she asked a thousand questions of the battle and his escape.

"I stole hither secretly," he said, "not daring to be known; for it has been discovered that I have openly joined the patriots, and to be caught would ensure me a prison, if not worse. Yet I was resolved to run every risk in order to assure you of my safety. I have but a few moments to stay, when I must smuggle myself out of the city by the water, as I did before, and as I entered it to-night."

Lucy now, all at once, thought of her father's malediction, and told it weeping to her lover.

"God's will be done, Lucy," he said. "I will not ask you to disobey your parent; but only to continue to love me. Let us hope for better times. I have now put my hand to the plough and cannot draw back. When this war is over, or before, if we live, your father may withdraw his opposition."

"That is the way I would have had you to speak," exclaimed Lucy. "We will trust in heaven, and then all must go right."

"Yes, dearest," he replied. "I feel that duty has called me to assist my country, and that, in obeying the call, Providence will not forget me. We will leave all things to God!"

It was with a lightened heart that Lucy returned to the house that evening. The conversation between the lovers had given consolation to each others heart, and increased their faith. Thereafter her trust in heaven sustained Lucy in many a dark hour of anxiety and suspense; while her lover thought of this interview on more than one battle field, and felt he could leave the event with heaven.

And both were rewarded for their faith. In less than two years, the British having been driven from Philadelphia, and all rational prospect of the conquest of the colonies having passed away, Lucy's father consented to her marriage with Howard Stanley, now an officer under Washington. The old man finally became himself favorable to the cause of America.

If, in this little story, we have assisted to commemorate one of the most gallant battles of the revolution, we shall be satisfied. But if we have also contributed to make the present generation sensible, even in part, of the anxiety and trials of the patriotic females of America, during that eventful period, we shall be more than contented!

THE AMULET.

BY JOHN S. JENKINS.

CHAPTER I.

THE city of Madrid was bathed in the golden flush of sunset. Tower and pinnacle, spire and dome, were brilliant with a thousand glorious rays. The gloomy church and dismal convent were even bright and cheerful. The palace of the proud noble, and the humble roof of the artisan, shared alike in the genial beams. The beautiful gardens of the Buen-Retiro never appeared in higher perfection, or in more attractive colors. The air was scented with fragrance; border and terrace were gay with the countless hues of flowers; birds, sweet in tone, and rich in plumage, flitted about among the groves; and the long avenues and vistas were lined with trees, whose foliage sparkled with gems of shining light, or enlivened the shade with its color of the purest and deepest green. But there were few to witness this festival of joy which nature had provided. The gravelled walks were not filled as was their wont with trains of courtly dons and proud senoras. Now and then a menial from the palace hurried rapidly along, bent on some errand requiring haste and expedition, and marking not what passed around him. The sentinels at the gilded gates shouldered their arquebuses, and paced wearily upon their beaten path, as if they had no heart to execute the task required of them. The face of every passer-by was sad and sorrowful, and the beggar in the streets almost forgot to solicit alms, or, if he did, the cavalier whom he addressed turned from him in mute surprise. Little heed was paid to the kind greeting, or friendly salutation. All were listening intently to the deep chimes of the solemn knell, or hastening to the cathedral, to hear the requiem chanted for the dead. The gentle spirit of Margaret, queen of Philip III., had passed away forever. Life had been brief to her. She had complained not, though she had suffered much; and it was rest to be released from earthly cares and sorrows. Still was she mourned, in all sincerity and truth. Her purity of heart, and sweetness of disposition, had won her many friends among the good and virtuous; and even those who once had hated her, because she would not countenance the dark wiles and intrigues of crafty courtiers, were well content to unite in the popular demonstrations of respect. The poor and lowly felt that they had lost a benefactor whose place could not be easily supplied; for she was always kind and charitable, and ready to evince her sympathy in poverty and distress. Deeply was she lamented, therefore,

and few failed in doing proper homage to her memory.

But some there were, who, while they gave utterance to expressions of condolence, and clothed themselves in robes of mourning, rejoiced in heart that Margaret was no more. In the midst of the general gloom and regret, there were two ladies seated in one of the arbors of the royal gardens, who cared not to conceal their joy, for they had deemed themselves unmarked. They fancied not that any eye could witness their light smiles, nor that any ear could listen to their bitter remarks and heartless jests. And it is more than probable, indeed, that they would have remained unobserved, had they not chosen to discourse of one in whom the noble cavalier, Don Juan de Romano, took deep interest. He had sought a quiet place for serious thought of her whom he most truly loved, and stood beneath a clump of trees, but a few paces distant from the Countess of Santiago, and her friend and confidant, the Donna Elvira Espinola. His steps had been arrested, as he started to retire, by a name that thrilled his heart, and he now lingered and listened breathlessly, for every word they spoke was matter of concern to him.

"Now give me joy!" said the countess, in a harsh and unpleasant tone; for woman's voice is never sweet when slandering words fall from her lips. "Now give me joy! This proud minion shall be humbled as she well deserves."

"Hast thou seen the Donna Viola since this morning?" inquired the other. "I was told but now, by one of her own women, that she had shut herself in her chamber, and refused all company."

"She hath much cause to weep," replied the countess; "she can no longer flaunt us as she hath done before. It was a sad shame to be so outpaced by this haughty upstart!"

"It is said," suggested the Donna Elvira, "that she even fancied Don Juan would in sober earnest woo her for his bride."

This remark called forth a merry laugh from both the speakers; but had they heard the low, yet earnest "*maldito*!" that escaped the cavalier as his teeth were firmly set together, they would have paused in their conversation. As it was, however, the countess soon remarked:

"In truth she does; and ever since that rash, mad feat of his upon the Douro, she hath no eyes nor ears for any one but him. She frowns on others as if she were the queen of queens; and she the progeny of the hated——"

"What?" eagerly interposed the Donna Elvira. "Knowest thou of her parentage?"

"Much, my dear Donna, much!" replied the countess. "There were eyes she little dreamed

of marked her as she lay all in her disarray upon his arms—eyes, too, that did not fail to notice the tokens on her person which she has carefully concealed."

"Thou speakest in riddle," said the confidant. "Tell me all—is there that which will humble and abase her?"

"Aye is there!" answered the Countess, "and it shall soon appear. Have I not cause to hate her, for that she came twixt me and him? Once let me crush the reptile, and Don Juan will soon forget this boyish dream."

Another curse was muttered by the listener, and his eyes glistened like balls of fire.

"Oh! give me the secret, dear countess, now!" entreated the Donna Elvira. "If I can serve thee, be sure I will most willingly!"

"Whom dost thou think this lady?" asked the other, with a sneer.

"Nay, I know not," replied the Donna Elvira—"perchance the daughter of some high born dame whose birth the law holds not legitimate."

"Not so—not so!" said the countess. "There is not that to shield her. She hath set at naught the edict of banishment—and who would spare the brood of the accursed Mussulman!"

"Thou dost surprise me!" returned the confidant. "These tokens then were——?"

"The marks of the Moor upon her left shoulder," replied the countess. "It is their custom thus to designate their offspring."

The Donna Elvira could not conceal her gratification, and hastened to inquire—

"But why is this not public? Why was it not told the queen? With all her weakness she would not have protected the intruder."

"She might not," said the countess; "though it was well known she protested earnestly against the edict, and often pronounced it cruel and unjust. Yet the time was not fitting then, and I thought best that none should hear it."

"But now—but now," exclaimed the Donna Elvira, anxiously. "Let us hasten to reveal it."

"Ah! stay thy haste," answered the countess. "Thou givest me credit not over much for sense or caution."

"Thou hast not already ——?" inquired the other, in a breath.

"Ere the hour be past," returned the countess, while her face glowed with a fiend-like smile, "the dark portals of San Domingo will close upon her in despair!"

A rapid exclamation, and a groan, which the cavalier could not suppress, affrighted the speakers, who had fancied it but sport to mar forever the hopes of one who had incurred their hate, solely because she was young and fair, and, in her innocence and guilelessness of heart, far

more deservng favor than themselves. The cavalier did not heed their terror, but springing forth into the broad aisle, he advanced toward the palace most ill at ease, and with a rapid gait. "I will save her!—I will save her!" he ejaculated, in a frantic tone at every step; while his lip quivered, and his heart sank within him as he thought upon the peril impending over his betrothed.

Don Juan de Romano was the representative of one of the noblest families in old Castile, and stood high in honor and in rank at the court of his sovereign. His uncle was the Archbishop of Toledo, and Grand Inquisitor of Spain; and, though young in years, his own personal merits had secured him much influence and regard. The Donna Viola had captivated the young queen on a visit to the Ursuline Convent at Valladolid, by her sweet graces and her charming disposition, not less than by the harmony of form and feature then just developing the beauty of perfect womanhood. After much entreaty, the lady superior was prevailed upon to part with her; though she refused to answer all inquiry as to the personal history of the maiden; contenting Queen Margaret with the assurance that she was nobly born, and worthy of her kindness and esteem. The Donna Viola soon became the favorite of her royal mistress. Beautiful in person, she was even more lovely in mind; and though many a gay flatterer smiled upon her, and would have sought her love, she valued not their honied words, but treated each according to his worth. Don Juan was not then at court, he having departed on a mission to the French monarch, Henry of Navarre. He had returned but a few months previous to the death of the queen, and the Donna Viola had met him, for the first time, in the wood of Medina, whither she had accompanied her mistress, who sometimes followed her consort to the chase, though she did not delight in the cruel sports she often witnessed. While pursuing her way through the forest, the Donna Viola unintentionally suffered her steed to lag behind, and forgot to keep within hearing of the hounds, until she had lost sight of her companions. In attempting to retrace her steps, she found herself upon a branch of the Douro, and, though she knew it not, for the wood was dense within a short distance of the main river. Supposing that the stream was fordable, she loosed the rein, and the horse sprang down the bank. But the first plunge he made carried him beyond his depth. The current was rapid, and though the noble animal, as if conscious of their danger, bounded forward almost frantically in his efforts to reach the opposite shore, while she maintained her seat with

high courage bearing from her eyes, in spite of all they were borne into the open river. At this critical moment Don Juan de Romano came in view. The loud shrieks of the lady had been heard, and he hurried to her rescue. By dint of powerful exertions on his part he bore her from the water as it closed over the drowning steed. It was this adventure to which the Countess of Santiago had alluded. The Donna Viola was grateful to her preserver, and they were thrown much together. It was not long ere they learned to love each other well; and, though it was not yet made public, they had been affianced with the approval of the queen.

Without pausing in his course, Don Juan entered the deserted court of the palace. In haste he followed the narrow galleries, and winding corridors leading to the apartment of the Donna Viola; but on approaching them, he was struck dumb and motionless with horror when he saw a group of alguazils in their long, black cloaks, headed by a dark familiar of the holy office, conducting a female, closely veiled, down a distant staircase. He did not heed to make inquiry, for well he knew who had been thus sadly interrupted in her mourning for the kind friend she loved, and her sweet hopes of a blissful future with him to whom her faith had solemnly been pledged, by the rude summons of the Inquisitor. Again and again he gasped for breath. He dared not resist the authority which all men feared and revered; and it was the impotence of his anger, more than all, that forced from him such bitter groans. But it was no time to linger there in unavailing lamentations. Once and once only did he stop to think on what he had heard in the arbor; but he dismissed it upon the instant, as though it were treason to his love. Then he remembered how often his uncle, the Grand Inquisitor, had smiled upon him in kindness, and his heart was lightened of half its load as he sprang up, determined to seek his relative forthwith, and secure his friendly interposition.

CHAPTER II.

DON JUAN spared not a moment on the way, though he little knew how strong were the toils that had ensnared the lady whom he loved.

"I would see his excellency, the Grand Inquisitor," said he, quickly, to the porter who had made haste to put an end to his loud ringing of the bell, which echoed far and wide through the gloomy halls.

"He cannot be spoken with, senor," replied the servitor. "The hour is somewhat late—will not the morning suit thee?"

"No, no!" cried the cavalier, with eagerness and anxiety depicted in every line of his

countenance. "I must see him to-night—life, and more than life depend upon it. I am his nephew—bring me speech with him at once if thou hast any heart to feel for misery!"

"I need not to be thus entreated," said the porter. "I will see if thou can'st be admitted."

"Do so, I beseech thee!" returned the cavalier, with his hands clasped as if in supplication.

The porter retired, but appeared again in a few minutes, and bade the cavalier follow him to the room occupied by his uncle. After traversing several long corridors they reached the door of the apartment. Here his attendant left him, while Don Juan knocked and entered as he was bidden.

The decorations of the chamber were very few. The hangings were all of black velvet, without embroidery or ornament, save that there was upon each tassel a small gilt croset. There were several stools, a table containing a few books and manuscripts, a praying desk, a marble crucifix, and an image of the virgin. The robes and insignia of the Inquisitor were ranged against the wall, and above them hung the banner of St. Dominick, which the occupant of the room was surveying intently, and rejoicing, as he thought how many victims would follow it to death, at the approaching *auto da fe*.

Hernando de Romano was not cruel, or relentless by nature. In early life he had not been destined for the church, but had entered the army, and served in several campaigns with honor and distinction. Shortly after he reached the age of manhood he accompanied the army into Portugal. While there he became acquainted with the daughter of one of the wealthiest lords of the Alentejo, whom he saw by stealth, and afterward privately married. She made her escape to him when he was ready to return to Spain, for her relatives would never even look on him with courtesy. On their route to Cadiz, where he had been ordered, his small command was attacked near Huelva by a band of Algerine pirates, and his young wife torn from him by force, while he was left for dead upon the field. When he had recovered from his wounds he made every effort in his power to discover whither she had been carried, in order to provide for her ransom; but he could never obtain the least information in regard to her fate; and, in despair at his sad fortune, he assumed the dark robes of the order to which he now belonged. His thoughts had long been sad and bitter, but they gave way in time to other emotions. Ambition usurped the first place in his heart. He was prompt and indefatigable in carrying out his plans. The power of the church, and, above all, the power of the branch of which he was the head, was the

darling object that engrossed his mind. Considerations appertaining to anything besides had little weight with him. For many years a fierce, and at times vindictive rivalry, had existed between the Dominicans and the Jesuits. A large number of valuable benefices had fallen into the hands of the latter, and much alarm was naturally entertained at their crafty approaches. The Grand Inquisitor had the will to dare great deeds, and all the genius, though without the means necessary to secure their accomplishment. The most powerful ministers at the court acknowledged his influence, and the richest abbeys and monasteries in Spain were under his control; but he required an exhaustless treasure to prosecute the vast design he had in contemplation. Visions of future greatness danced constantly before him. Looking forward to coming years, he thought how well a cardinal's hat would grace his brows; and further still, he often fancied that the time might come when the purple of St. Peter's would add new dignity to his august person. The persecution of the Moors, and the confiscation of their property presented to him the certain means of triumph over the Jesuit fathers, and of personal advancement equal to his fondest hopes. He parcelled out upon the map the spoils which must accrue to the order he represented, and then sought an interview with the king, to urge him to undertake the project he had formed.

Philip was not easily entreated. Though the matter was pressed upon him with untiring pertinacity and zeal, quickened in some degree, no doubt, by the memory of the unforgotten wrong which the Grand Inquisitor himself had suffered, the monarch refused to yield. The queen beset him with her importunities not to permit such rank injustice, and he had half consented to give a prompt and peremptory denial, when he was taught to fancy that he could hear the thunders of the Vatican rolling in the distance, and then he was prevailed upon to sign the edict. It was a sad blow to Spain, and most bitterly has she rued it. Indeed, the heartless and unfeeling policy which prevailed with but few exceptions during the two reigns of Philip II. and Philip III., was most lamentable in its results. Under the auspices of the Moors the provinces of Valencia, Murcia and Andalusia, became the most fertile and productive in the kingdom. Sugar, cotton, silk, and rice, were introduced by them, and the mild sky and soft atmosphere upon the shore of the Mediterranean, often enabled the husbandman to gather three harvests within the year. They established large and valuable manufactories of cloth in Cuenca, and of silk and leather in Toledo, Cordova, Seville and Grenada.

Spain was civilized and enlightened through their instrumentality, and their industry and perseverance filled the land with plenty. Taxes and forced loans that would have impoverished any other people, were submitted to, not absolutely without complaint, for it was palpable and gross oppression; but they were content to pay them so long as their personal liberty was secured. In times of danger, too, when hostile armies hovered upon the frontier, when the treasury was empty, and the nation without the means to resist the invader, the coffers of the Moor were freely opened to save her from bankruptcy and ruin.

But all these things were forgotten by their oppressors; or, if they remembered anything, it was how vast had been the sums wrung from those to whom appeal had never yet been made in vain. The mere pretence that the Moors were leagued with the Algerine pirates, false and groundless as it was, except, perhaps, in a few isolated cases, served as the excuse and justification for deeds of cruelty and bloodshed. In the reign of Philip II. the Moorish religion was almost destroyed; their festivals were abolished; their women were forbidden to appear veiled; their children under seven years of age, and those born after the date of the edict, were required to be baptized; and all were compelled to attend public worship, or be subjected to heavy fines and penalties. That such harsh and rigorous measures should have estranged them from their adopted country was to have been expected; nor was it strange that they should ridicule the rites and ceremonies of those, who, in their turn, reviled everything that the Moor held most sacred. It is only wonderful that they complained so little, and bore themselves so meekly under such severe persecution. How much the consciousness of their inability to resist oppression may have influenced them, for in every struggle, though the Spaniards suffered much, the Moors were sooner or later defeated, can only be conjectured. But it is evident that they were sincerely attached to the land, and regretted to leave it; when the edict of Philip III. was made public, and their factories and workshops were ordered to be closed, their hearthstones broken, and themselves banished from the kingdom, while their immense wealth was shared between the government and the church, their wailings were loud and long, and their lamentations bitter beyond language to express. The edict was executed with unexampled severity. The Grand Inquisitor and his emissaries never relaxed for an instant in the zeal and vigilance with which they prosecuted the work. The fairest fields of Spain were dyed in blood,

and the shrieks of tender maidens, and the groans of helpless age, were mingled with the curses of despairing manhood. Queen Magaret entreated for them in vain; some of the noblest knights and cavaliers, who saw how important it was to the country to preserve the large revenues derived from the commerce and manufactures of the Moors, protested against the edict, but it remained unrepealed. No leniency was shown—no mercy exhibited.

The position of Donna Viola then was a most critical one. The circumstances under which, if at all, she had violated the edict, were calculated to heighten her offence in the estimation of the tribunal before which she had been summoned, and afforded but little hope in an appeal to the Grand Inquisitor. He had always been pleased to look with favor on his nephew as the heir of the family name and title, and it gratified him to see them worthily honored in their representative; but this feeling of pride was wholly subservient to his ambitious aspirations, and his ardent desires to enhance the power and dignity of his beloved order. And even if he had been inclined to yield in anything, the certainty that it would be regarded as an evidence of weakness and hesitation, and expose him to the scoffs and denunciations of the Jesuits, would have effectually deterred him.

The eyes of the Inquisitor were turned toward the door when Don Juan entered, and a faint smile gleamed upon his grave features, as he said—

"Benedicite! my son."

"My homage to thee, uncle, as doth become me," said the cavalier, with a respectful salutation. "Sorry am I to disturb thy meditations; but the occasion is one of weighty moment."

"What would'st thou, my son?" replied the Inquisitor; "thou shalt have my blessing in every thing that is good, and conformable to our holy church."

"I come to crave a boon of thee," answered the nephew; "one, too, which thou can'st, and wilt grant me—wilt thou not?"

"So that it does not conflict with higher duties," said the uncle, "I may say aye to thee."

"It concerns the order over which thou hast charge; but surely thou would'st not make it an engine of cruelty and oppression?" questioned Don Juan.

"Speak not lightly," returned the other, in a severe tone, "of a power which has the ability to punish equal to its will. Knowest thou not that walls have ears? One idle word might involve thee in peril, from which the attempt were vain to extricate thee!"

"I would speak to thee, father!" said the

cavalier, "of a young and helpless maiden who is betrothed to me by the most solemn ties. The late queen, her mistress, thought to see us wedded soon; but she is now no more, and I have no hope except in thee."

"Her majesty was weak and foolish," replied the Inquisitor; "too easily influenced by her woman feelings, and unmindful of the high mission she and her spouse were called upon to perform."

"But what has that to do with her I love?" inquired the nephew.

"Thou speakest of the Donna Viola, dost thou not?" said the Inquisitor.

"I do—I do!" replied the cavalier.

"Thou can'st not save her, if thou would!" said the other, authoritatively. "It is rash in thee to waste a thought upon her. Thou shalt not wed the Moorish damsel?"

"But I may rescue her from danger!" exclaimed Don Juan, while his countenance glowed with the hope he still would cherish.

"It is useless to entreat me further," said the uncle; "it may not be—and shall not!"

"Surely, surely," cried the cavalier, "they will not dare to condemn her upon this unjust charge. It is not true; it is not true! I pledge my life upon it! This accusation hath been made in malice, and I will shield her from it—do not, oh, do not deny me, uncle!"

The Inquisitor scarcely remarked the earnest and beseeching tone of the cavalier, but pointing to the door, said harshly and resolutely—

"Go hence! Go hence! vain boy—and come not here again on such an errand. Be sure St. Dominique will guard his own, now and forever!"

CHAPTER III.

THE cavalier went forth with a sad heart. Hastily he ran over in his mind every circumstance he knew connected with the Donna Viola; but there was nothing that presented the least ground for hope. His uncle had been appealed to without avail. The king had the power to interfere, yet Don Juan knew too well he would not dare to exercise it. All seemed dismal and cheerless to his sight. There was not even one feeble ray to bid him not despair, or encourage him to further efforts; and when he thought upon it he groaned in anguish. As he crossed the court, the gloom of that dark prison-house was forcibly impressed upon him; and he shuddered to think what agony she must feel to be thus suddenly cut off, in the spring time of her womanhood, from all the bright joys and hopes that once had filled her heart with happiness. Often he asked himself—what must be her feelings? what her emotions? would she think of

him? would she dwell in fondness on the past? It was painful, indeed, to imagine what would be her reply to such inquiries; still there was a pleasure mingled with it, for he could comfort himself with the assurance that he was deeply and sincerely loved.

The bell sounded for vespers as the cavalier reached the gate. The porter immediately rose to pull the cord, and in doing so hurriedly whispered to Don Juan, while his finger was placed upon his lips as if to caution him to silence.

"The superior of St. Ursula alone can save her thou lovest. Delay not to seek her, or the maiden is lost!"

The cavalier required no other admonition. There was no time to lose, for trial and condemnation followed quickly after imprisonment. In an hour he was mounted on a fleet courser, and hastening madly forward on the road to Valladolid.

The Donna Viola was at first overpowered with astonishment and grief. The blow was so sudden and so unexpected. It came upon her in the midst of sorrow, it is true; but there had been many a fair picture of unalloyed felicity conjured up even while she mourned. She had lost a kind and faithful friend; but he to whom her heart and hand were pledged, was yet left to console her; and she thought how little there would now be that could ever interfere with her devoted and engrossing love for him. She had frequently expressed her reluctance to leave the queen; but this she could do no longer; and she would go to the altar without regret, trusting fully that the vows there uttered would be the earnest of happiness to come. It was thus poorly prepared for any adverse fortune that the summons of the Inquisition came to separate her from the world, which her affection had made so glad and joyous. The cruel shock deprived her for the time of consciousness, but she soon recovered, and suffered them to lead her forth with an unfaltering step, and a heart nerved to meet whatever should befall her. When the door of the solitary cell to which she had been conducted was closed, and she was left alone to her sad meditations, she sat down and wept. Tears were a relief to her heart, and as they flowed, freely and unchecked, she endeavored to recal every incident of her childhood. Her earliest recollections were connected with the convent in which she was reared and educated. An indistinct remembrance haunted her at times of a kind lady, with a pale, sweet countenance, who smiled sadly but tenderly upon her, and sighed and wept as if her heart would break when she was folded in her arms. There were visions, also, of a foreign land, where she was

surrounded by people in an uncouth attire, and who spoke in a strange tongue. She recollected nothing definitely, however; there was a great deal that was mysterious and confused, and but little that seemed clear and palpable. She had once asked the superior for information, but the latter told her that the time had not yet come when it would be prudent to reveal her history; that she should disregard the dying injunction of her mother, if she communicated anything before the proper moment arrived; and that until then she must be content without any further answer to her inquiries. So she was forced, against her will, to remain in utter ignorance; but memory would bring back these glimpses of former times. It was a solace to her to dwell upon them, and fancy how her mother looked, and how much she could have loved her if she had only lived till then. All these things, and more of the same character, were pondered on in her prison. And then she thought of her lover, and what must be his feelings when he came to know her fate. She was sure he would leave no means untried to rescue her, and if the superior of the convent could be informed as to her situation, perhaps something might be done between them that would open the doors of the Inquisition, and banish all apprehension. As she was thinking of this, she moved toward the grated window of her cell, which overlooked the court; and it was at that moment Don Juan de Romano entered, in eager haste, to seek his uncle. It was impossible for her to communicate anything to him, or even to attract his attention; but when the mute appointed to attend her made his appearance, she found means to induce him to convey a billet to the porter, and as the cavalier went forth he received the warning we have stated.

On the morning of the fourth day, after the arrest of the Donna Viola, the Grand Inquisitor and his subordinate officers were seated in judgment in that dark and fearful hall which had been the grave of so many fond hopes, and the witness of so many scenes of horror. The apartment was lined with sable tapestry, and lighted only by a few waxen candles, which threw a feeble and sickly glare on everything around. The secretaries were seated at a long table covered with black cloth, and wrote steadily on, now and then exchanging a word, but never suffering their features to relax in their cold and stern expression. A few familiars were present, motionless as statues, leaning upon their long staves of ebony. At one side of the hall was a deep recess, also hung with black, where were the instruments of torture, which had listened to the death-throe of the struggling victim

when those who heard were all unmoved, and there was none to aid or succor; or had wrung tales of imaginary crime from the agonies of suffering mortality, clinging, in despair, to the vain hope of saving the remnant of a life already valueless. Care, anxious care and thought sat enthroned upon the brows of the Inquisitors, but there were no tender emotions, none of the blessed light of kindness to relieve the harsh and forbidding aspect.

At the tinkling sound of a small bell, a door was opened at one end of the hall, and the Donna Viola entered, completely shrouded beneath her veil, under the guard of two familiars.

"Unveil the maiden!" said one of the secretaries.

The order was obeyed, and the face of the lady revealed, pale and sorrowful, but exceedingly beautiful. She was dressed in a plain robe of dark serge. Her hair was plaited neatly over her brow and temples, but she wore no ornaments. Her form was tall and queenly, and her mien dignified and respectful. Though she trembled slightly, she advanced toward the centre of the apartment as she was directed with a firm step. Like others, she had learned to fear the power in whose presence she stood, but in the hours of solitude she had sought help from on high, and she was now self-sustained and strong of heart in the proud consciousness of innocence. The Grand Inquisitor had often beheld the Donna Viola, and her countenance, though he knew not why, seemed familiar to him; but it was indistinct and like a dream. The fancy would recur to him, whenever he was in her presence, that she resembled some one he had seen before, and as she approached the desk behind which he was seated and raised her eyes, glistening with the tear-drops that yet lingered there, to gaze upon him, there was something in her look that startled him. He dismissed the feeling instantly, and spoke quite harshly to her—

"Maiden!" said he, "thou wilt listen to the accusation."

"I do," she replied, "most anxiously!"

"It is charged against thee," said one of the secretaries, reading from a scroll of parchment before him, "that, well knowing thou wert of the accursed race of Ishmael, thou did'st intrude thyself upon her majesty, the late queen, as a damsel born of Spanish parents; and also, that thou hast used unlawful arts to entice a noble lord of Spain, Don Juan de Romano, to offer thee his hand in marriage."

The Donna Viola blushed faintly as the second clause was read, but she spoke up firmly and proudly—

"And who dares make these ribald charges? Where are my accusers? They dare not stand before me; for they know what low and pitiful malice it is hath moved them!"

"The Inquisition doth accuse thee!" said one of the officers, sternly. "Thine offences are grave and serious—dost thou confess them?"

"I have nothing to confess," she replied; "I am innocent!"

"Dost thou deny the marks upon thy person?" asked the Inquisitor.

"I do not," she said; "but I have been told they were wrongfully placed there by the woman who attended on my mother in her sickness."

"And what sayest thou to this?" continued the officer, without heeding her reply, and pointing, as she spoke, to a small amulet which he held in his hand, and which the Donna Viola recollected as one she had worn in her infancy, but for years had left untouched among her ornaments. It was a simple case of purple morocco attached to a slight chain of gold. On opening it nothing was discovered but an oval piece of polished ivory, upon which were engraved certain symbolical characters resembling those upon the lady's arm.

Donna Viola shuddered, as well she might, for the evidence was strong, but she replied—

"I can only say it is a mere plaything given me in childhood, which I cast aside long years ago. But," she added more earnestly, "I am no Moorish maiden! Had I time I could prove this beyond a doubt. Give me leave to send for the superior of St. Ursula at Valladolid, and all shall be made plain. I am not, oh! believe me, I am not guilty. I sought not to impose upon the queen whom I most dearly loved; nor have I used charms or arts, save those which God hath given me!"

"Let not thy lips pollute His holy name!" interrupted the Grand Inquisitor. "These are but weak pretences, which can serve thee not. Dost thou confess?"

"At last," she answered, without hesitation, "those lips were never schooled to lie! The charges are most false!"

"It is enough!" said the Inquisitor, signing with his hand. At that moment the curtains which concealed the implements of torture were drawn aside, and two of the familiars started toward the lady. She barely glanced upon the scene before her, and then with a shriek that echoed and re-echoed through the apartment, fell upon the floor. The officers immediately stepped forward to her assistance, but before they reached her she was upon her knees, and her hands were extended beseechingly to her judges, as she exclaimed—

"Oh! spare me this! I pray ye spare me this! Ye are not fathers, but ye are men, and can but feel for a poor, weak maiden. By the faith ye profess, by the God ye serve, I do entreat ye to save me from this outrage!"

"Wilt thou confess?" again asked the Inquisitor.

"I cannot!" she said; "I cannot; for heaven would curse me!"

"Away with her!" said the Inquisitor, with an unmoved look.

The lady was led unresistingly, though her frame quivered, and her steps were slow and uneven, to the torture chamber. The curtains fell behind her, and the Grand Inquisitor turned aside as if he would not mark the sounds which could not fall entirely unheeded on his ear. The amulet was in his hand, and as a low groan came from the adjoining room, he pressed it so firmly that the ivory was broken, and a heavy gold ring, of rare and curious workmanship, and with letters and devices stamped upon it, fell to the floor. He caught it up instantly and examined it. As he turned it in his fingers his countenance blanched with horror, and he cried out, in an unearthly tone—

"Unbind the maiden!—unbind the maiden!"

He attempted to utter something besides, but his words were so incoherent, and his manner so unusual, that he could not be understood. When the Donna Viola reappeared, he sank into the arms of one of the officers near him, and was borne senseless from the hall.

A few hours later there was a sorrowful, but not unhappy company assembled in the apartment of the Grand Inquisitor. They were the superior of St. Ursula, Don Juan, the Donna Viola, and her father, Hernando de Romano. The story of her mother had been told. After her capture she was taken to Algiers, where her daughter was born. The Moorish nurse who attended her had affixed the marks upon the infant without her knowledge, and placed about its neck the amulet, where she had afterward concealed the ring with which she had been wedded. Though suffering constantly with sickness she remained nearly three years in captivity, when she was ransomed, together with a number of Ursuline nuns from Marseilles, who had learned the particulars of her situation. She accompanied them on their return; and they recommended her to the sisterhood at Valladolid. On arriving there she learned that her husband had taken the vows which separated him from her forever. Ere another year expired she died in the convent, leaving her daughter to the care of the superior, to whom she communicated the secret of her birth, under a solemn pledge not to

reveal it until the father's death. Circumstances prevented this, as we have seen, and enabled Don Juan de Romano to claim her as his bride, and that with the approval of the Grand Inquisitor of Spain.

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THE OLD DEACON.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

"She loved not wisely, but too well."

It was a balmy pleasant Sabbath morning; so green and tranquil was our valley home, that the very air seemed more holy than on other days. The dew was floating in a veil of soft mist from the meadows on School Hill, where the sunshine came warmly, while the wild-flowers in the valley lay in shadow, still heavy with the night rain. The trees which feathered the hill sides, were vividly green, and Castle Rock towered—a magnificent picture—its base washed by the water, and darkened by unbroken shadow, while a soft, fleecy cloud, woven and impregnated with silvery light, floated among its topmost cliffs. The two villages lay upon their opposite hills, with the deep river gliding between, like miniature cities, deserted by the feet of men; not a sound arose to disturb the sweet music of nature, for it was the hour of morning prayer, and there was scarcely a hearth-stone which, at that time, was not made a domestic altar. At last a deep bell-tone came sweeping over the valley from the Episcopal steeple, and was answered by a cheerful peal from the belfry of our new academy. The reverberations were still sounding, mellowed by the distant rocks, when the hitherto silent village seemed suddenly teeming with life. The dwelling-houses were flung open, and the inhabitants came forth in smiling family groups, prepared for worship. Gradually they divided into separate parties. The Presbyterians walked slowly toward their huge old meeting-house, and the more gaily-dressed Episcopalians sought their more fashionable house of worship. Old people were out—grandfathers and grandmothers, with the blossom of the grave on their aged temples. Children, with their rosy cheeks and sunny eyes, rendered more rosy and more bright with pride of their white frocks, pretty straw bonnets, and pink wreaths. It was pleasant to see the little men and women striving in vain to subdue their bounding steps, and school their sparkling faces to a solemnity befitting the occasion. There, might be seen a newly-married pair walking bashfully apart not daring to venture on the unprecedented boldness of linking arms in public, yet feeling very awkward, and almost envying another couple who led a roguish little girl between them. She—a mischievous little thing—all the time exerting her baby strength to wring that chubby hand from her mother's grasp—pouting her cherry lips when either of her scandalized parents checked

her bounding step or too noisy prattle, and, at last, subdued only by intense admiration of her red morocco shoes, as they flashed in and out like a brace of white lilies beneath her spotted muslin dress.

At length our excellent minister appeared at the southern entrance, and walked up the aisle, followed by his grey-headed old deacon. The minister paused at the foot of the pulpit stairs, and with a look of deep and respectful reverence, held the door of the "Deacon's Seat," while the old man passed in. That little attention went to the deacon's heart; he raised his heavy eyes to the pastor with a meek and heart touching expression of gratitude, that softened many who looked upon it, even to tears. The minister turned away and went up the stairs, not in his usual sedate manner, but hurriedly, and with unsteady footsteps. When he arrived in the pulpit, those who sat in the gallery saw him fall upon his knees, bury his face in his hands, and pray earnestly, and, it might be, weep, for when he arose, his eyes were dim and flushed.

Directly after the entrance of the minister and deacon, came two females, one a tall, spare woman, with thin features, very pale, and bespeaking continued but meekly-endured suffering. There was a beautiful and Quaker-like simplicity in the book muslin kerchief folded over the bosom of her black silk dress, with the corners drawn under the riband strings in front, and pinned smoothly to the dress behind. Her grey hair was parted neatly under the black straw bonnet, and those who knew her remarked that it had gained much of its silver since she had last entered that door. In her arms the matron bore a rosy infant, robed in a long white frock, and an embroidered cap. A faint color broke into her sallow cheek, for though she did not look up, it seemed to her as if every eye in that assembly was turned upon her burthen. They were all her neighbors, many of them kind and truthful friends, who had knelt at the same communion-table with her for years. Yet she could not meet their eyes, nor force that tinge of shame from her pure cheek, but moved humbly forward, weighed to the dust with a sense of humiliation and suffering. A slight, fair creature walked by her side, partly shrinking behind her all the way, pale and drooping like a crushed lily. It was the deacon's daughter, and the babe was hers; but she was unmarried. A black dress and plain white vandyke supplanted the muslin that, in the days of her innocence, had harmonized so sweetly with her pure complexion. The close straw bonnet was the same, but its trimming of pale blue was dis-

placed by a white satin riband, while the rich and abundant brown curls that had formerly drooped over her neck were gathered up, and parted plainly over her forehead. One look she cast upon the congregation, then her eyes fell, the long lashes drooped to her burning cheek, and with a downcast brow she followed her mother to a seat, but not that occupied by the old deacon. There was a slight bustle when she entered, and many eyes were bent on her, a few from curiosity, more from an impulse of commiseration. She sat motionless in a corner of the pew, her head drooping forward, and her eyes fixed on the small hands that lay clasped in her lap. After the little party was settled, a stillness crept over the house; you might have heard a pin drop, or the rustle of a silk dress, to the extremity of that large room. All at once there arose a noise at the door opposite the pulpit; it was but a footstep ringing on the threshold stone, and yet the people turned their heads and looked startled, as if something uncommon was about to happen. It was only a handsome, bold looking young man, who walked up the aisle with a haughty step, and entered a pew on the opposite side from that occupied by the mother and daughter, and somewhat nearer the pulpit. A battery of glances was levelled on him from the galleries, but he looked carelessly up, and even smiled when a young girl by whom he seated himself, drew back with a look of indignation to the furthest corner of the pew. The old deacon looked up as those bold footsteps broke the stillness; his thin cheek and lips became deathly white, he grasped the railing convulsively, half rose, and then fell forward with his face on his hands, and remained motionless as before. Well might the wronged old man yield, for a moment, to the infirmities of human nature, even in the house of God. That bold man who thus audaciously intruded into his presence, had crept like a serpent to his hearthstone—had made his honest name a bye-word, and his daughter, the child of his old age, a creature for men to bandy jests about. But for him, that girl, now shrinking from the gaze of her own friends, would have remained the pride of his home, a ewe lamb in the church of God. Through his wiles she had fallen from the high place of her religious trust, and now, in the fullness of her penitence, she had come forward to confess her fault, and receive forgiveness of the church it had disgraced.

The old deacon had lost his children one by one, until this gentle girl alone was left to him; he had folded a love for her, his latest born, in his innermost heart, until all unconsciously she had become to it an idol. The old man thought

it was to punish him that God had permitted her to sink into temptation; he said so, beseechingly, to the elders of the church, when, at her request, he called them together, and made known her disgrace. He tried to take some of the blame upon himself; and that he had, perhaps, been less indulgent than he should have been, and so her affections had been more easily won from her home and duty—that he feared he had been a proud man—spiritually proud, but now he was more humble, and if his Heavenly Father had allowed these things in order to chasten him, the end had been obtained; he was a stricken old man, but could say, “the will of God be done.” Therefore he besought his brethren not to cast her forth to her disgrace, but to accept her confession of error and repentance; to be merciful, and receive her back to the church. He went on to say how humbly she had crept to his feet, and prayed him to forgive her; how his wife had spent night after night in prayer for her fallen child, and so he left her in their hands, only entreating that they would deal mercifully by her, and he would bless them for it.

Willingly would the sympathizing elders have received the stray lamb again, without further humiliation to the broken-hearted old man; but it could not be. The ungodly were willing to visit the sins of individuals on a whole community. The purity of their church must be preserved—the penance exacted.

From the time of that church-meeting, the poor father bent himself earnestly to the strengthening of his child's good purposes. He made no complaint, and strove to appear—nay, to be—resigned and cheerful; he still continued to perform the offices of deacon, though the erect gait and somewhat dignified consciousness of worth that formerly distinguished him, had utterly disappeared. On each succeeding Sabbath, his brethren observed some new prostration of strength. Day by day his cheek grew thin—his voice hollow, and his step more and more feeble. It was a piteous sight—a man who had been remarkable for bearing his years so bravely, moving through the aisles of that old meeting-house with downcast eyes, and shoulders stooping as beneath a burthen. At last the mildew of grief began to wither up the memory of that good man. When the first indications of this appeared, the hearts of his brethren yearned toward the poor deacon with a united feeling of deep commiseration. The day of Julia's humiliation had been appointed, and the Sabbath which preceded it, was a sacramental one. The old deacon was getting very decrepit, and his friends would have persuaded him from performing the duties of the day. He

shook his head, remarked that they were very kind, but he was not ill, so they let him bear about the silver cup filled with consecrated wine, as he had done for twenty years before, though many an eye filled with tears as it marked the continued trembling of that hand, which more than once caused the cup to shake, and the wine to run down its sides to the floor. There was an absent smile upon his face when he came to his daughter's seat. On finding it empty he stood bewildered, and looked helplessly round upon the congregation, as if he would have inquired why she was not there. Suddenly he seemed to recollect; a mortal paleness overspread his face. The wine-cup dropped from his hand, and he was led away, crying like a child.

Many of his brethren visited the afflicted man during the next week. They always found him in his orchard, wandering about under the heavy boughs and picking up the withered green apples which the worms had eaten away from their unripe stems. These he diligently hoarded away near a large, sweet briar-bush which grew in a corner of the rail fence. On the next Sabbath he appeared in the meeting-house, accompanied by the minister as we have described, to be outraged in the very house of God by the presence of the man who had desolated his home. It is little wonder, that even there, his just wrath was, for a moment, kindled. The service began, and that erring girl listened to it as one in a dream. Her heart seemed in a painful sleep; but when the minister closed his bible, and sat down, the stillness made her start. A keen sense of her position came over her. She cast a frightened look on the pulpit, and then sank back pale and nervous, her trembling hand wandering in search of her mother's. The old lady looked on her with fond grief, whispered soothing words, and tenderly pressed the little hand that so imploringly besought her pity. Still the poor girl trembled, and shrank in her seat as if she would have crept away from every human eye.

The minister arose, his face looked calm, but the paper which contained the young girl's confession, shook violently in his hand as he unrolled it. Julia knew that it was her duty to arise. She put forth her hand, grasped the carved work of the seat, and stood upright until the reading was finished, staring, all the time, wildly, in the pastor's face, as if she wondered what it could all be about. She sat down again, pressed a hand over her eyes, and seemed asking God to give her more strength.

The minister descended from the pulpit, for there was yet to be another ceremony; a baptism of the infant. That gentle, erring girl, was to

go up alone with the child of her shame, that it might be dedicated to God before the congregation. She arose with touching calmness, took the babe from her mother's arms, and stepped into the aisle. She wavered at first, and a keen sense of shame dyed her face, neck and very hands, with a painful flush of crimson, but as she passed the pew where young Lee was sitting, an expression of proud anguish came to her face, her eyes filled with tears, and she walked steadily forward to the communion-table, in front of her father's seat. There was not a tearless eye in that whole congregation. Aged, stern men, bowed their heads to conceal the sympathy betrayed there. Young girls—cateless, light-hearted creatures, who, never dreaming of the frailty of their own natures, had reviled the fallen girl, now wept and sobbed to see her thus publicly humbled. Young Lee became powerfully agitated; his breast heaved, his face flushed hotly, then turned very pale, and at last he started up, flung open the pew door, and hurried up the aisle with a disordered and unequal step.

"What name?" inquired the pastor, bending toward the young mother, as he took the child from her arms.

Before she had time to speak, Lee stood by her side, and answered in a loud, steady voice, "that of his father, James Lee!"

The trembling of that poor girl's frame was visible through the whole house, her hand dropped on the table, and she leaned heavily on it for support, but did not look up. The minister dipped his hand in the antique china bowl, laid it upon the babe's forehead, and, in a clear voice, pronounced the name. A faint cry broke from the child as the cold drops fell on his face. The sound seemed to arouse all the hitherto unknown and mysterious feelings of paternity slumbering in the young father's heart. His eye kindled, his cheek glowed, and impulsively he extended his arms and received the infant. His broad chest heaved beneath its tiny form, and his eyes seemed fascinated by the deep blue orbs which the little creature raised smilingly and full of wonder to his face. Lee bore his son down the aisle, laid him gently in his astonished grandmother's lap, and returned to the pulpit again. Julia still had moved a little, and overcome with agitation, leaned heavily against the railing of the pulpit-stairs. Lee bent his head, and whispered a few earnest words, and held forth his hand. She stood, for a moment, like one bewildered, gave a doubtful, troubled look into his eyes, and laid her hand in his. He drew her gently to the table, and in a firm, respectful voice, requested the minister to commence the marriage service.

The pastor looked puzzled and irresolute. The whole proceeding was so unexpected and strange, that even he lost all presence of mind. "A publication is necessary to our laws," he said, at length, casting a look on the deacon, but the old man remained motionless, with his hands clasped over the railing, and his face bowed upon them. Thinking him too much agitated to speak, and uncertain of his duty, the divine lifted his voice and demanded if any one present had ought to say against a marriage between the two persons standing before him.

Every face in that church was turned on the deacon, but he remained silent and motionless, so the challenge was unanswered, and the minister felt compelled to proceed with the ceremony, for he remembered what was, at first, forgotten, that the pair had been published according to law, months before, when Lee had, without given reason, refused to fulfil his contract.

The brief but impressive ceremony was soon over, and with an expression of more true happiness than had ever been witnessed on his fine features before, Lee conducted his wife to her mother, and placed himself respectfully by her side. The poor bride was scarcely seated, when she buried her face in her handkerchief, and burst into a passion of tears, which seemed as if it never would be checked. The congregation went out. The young people gathered about the doors, talking over the late strange scene, while a few members lingered behind, to speak with the deacon's wife before they left the church. Lee and his companion stood in their pew, looking anxiously toward the old man. There was something unnatural in his motionless position, which sent a thrill through the matron's heart, and chained her to the floor, as if she had suddenly turned to marble. The minister came down the pulpit-stairs, and advancing to the old man, laid his hand kindly upon the withered fingers clasped over the railing; he turned very pale, for the hand which he touched was cold and stiffened in death. The old man was feeble with grief, and when young Lee appeared before him, his heart had broke amid the rush of its strong feelings.

PRINCIPLE AND INTEREST.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A YOUNG man who had received a tolerably good education, and a legacy of honest principles, came to Philadelphia a few years ago to seek his fortune. His name was Abiram Granger. He brought a letter from the clergyman of the village where he had resided all his life, to a merchant in the city. His first care was to present this introductory letter, on which Mr. Barker, the merchant, told him to call the next day.

On the next day the young man went to Mr. Barker's store, and entered upon his duties. The merchant found him clear-headed, quick, and of good address; and noticed, besides, that his sense of right was much keener than in men generally. As for instance, in selling an article, although he took pains to make the sale, he never in the least exaggerated its quality. But Mr. Barker said to himself—

"He will learn better than that, ere long. He will find that the seller has enough to do to take care of his particular interest, and must learn the buyer to look after his own concerns."

One day Granger had a customer to whom he was endeavoring to sell an article that he could not praise very warmly.

"Can you recommend this?" asked the buyer.

"Frankly, I cannot," replied Granger.

"Then I will not take it," said the customer, and went out.

Barker overheard this, and as soon as the man left, came to the side of his clerk, and said—

"Why didn't he take it, Abiram?"

"Because I could not recommend it as a first rate article."

"Did he ask you to do so?"

"Yes,"

"I could have sold it," said the merchant.

"And so could I, if I had told him a falsehood."

"But I could have sold it without telling a direct falsehood."

"How?" And the clear, earnest eyes of Granger were fixed upon the face of the merchant.

"By saying, for instance, that the article I believed to be very fair, as it came from a good manufacturer's, and had cost within a fraction of what was asked for it; or that it was difficult to recommend any article in unequivocal terms, but that, for all I know to the contrary, this would give satisfaction. There are a dozen ways, in which to evade a direct question such as was asked of you; and this secret you must learn, or you will never rise in the world."

The last remark of Mr. Barker fixed itself upon the mind of Granger. He had an ardent desire to rise in the world. Far was it from his ideas to plod along through life in an obscure position. He was ambitious to rise above the dead level of the great mass, who are content with food and raiment. He had believed it possible to attain the summit of his wishes without in the least compromising the honest principles with which he had entered the world. The first question of this came with the strange remark of Mr. Barker—strange at least to his ears. Never rise in the world if he did not learn the art of duplicity! Never rise in the world without laying aside the integrity of character which he had been taught to believe would elevate a man to the highest place for which he might aspire, if he had the intelligence to procure the means! His mind was startled and confused by this.

Granger was a young man, and Barker at least fifty-five. The latter had treated him from the first with kindness and confidence, and he felt for him something like affection as well as respect. His age gave weight to his words—an undue weight. Granger thought of them, and dreamed over them. He observed the other young men in the store, and found that they made it a point to sell a customer as much as possible; and, without absolutely lying to the extent of detection, to exaggerate in regard to the quality of goods just sufficiently to secure a sale.

"And must I do this?" he asked himself.

"Is duplicity and covert falsehood necessary in order to enable a man to rise in the world? Surely, this cannot be!"

Yet from the time Mr. Barker told him that he could not rise in the world unless he looked so closely at his own interests as not to see the interest of others, Granger's manner toward customers changed. He no longer thought of justice to them as well as justice to his employer. A few months later, and no one in the store could drive a sharper bargain with a customer than he.

"My old friend Lyon was right," remarked Barker to himself, as he looked on and noted the shrewdness with which the young man conducted his sales to a large, country dealer—"Granger will doubtless rise in the world. My word for it, he will take care of himself if ever he gets a fair chance."

A couple of years in the store of Mr. Barker made Granger a shrewd and accomplished business man. There was no better salesman in the city.

"Granger," said a partner in an old established house with which Mr. Barker dealt pretty

largely, to the young man—"what are your future views in regard to business?"

"I have never yet, clearly defined them," he replied.

"Are you inclined to enter into business?" was next asked.

"If I can make such arrangements as promise certain success. Not without."

"Barker's country custom is large and good."

"Yes; both large and good. We sell heavily to some of the best men in the country."

"So I thought. To what extent could you control this custom?"

"To almost any extent if I had enough capital to work with. To control custom, we must have just such goods as customers want."

"Then you are not averse to forming a business connexion, if the required capital is furnished?"

"Not at all. My wish is to get into business for myself as soon as I can see the right kind of an opening."

"You know my son, who has been for some time in our counting-room?"

"Yes."

"My wish is to associate him in business with a man who is well prepared to enter into it with spirit and intelligence. I think you are such a man. I will furnish any amount of capital that can be used safely. Will you turn this over in your mind, and be prepared to tell me, in the course of a week, what your views are upon the subject?"

"I will," replied Granger, and the men separated.

"Control his best custom," Granger said, musingly, to himself, as he sat alone in his room that night, pondering over the proposition that had been made to him. "Will that be altogether right? I believe I could take away the very cream of his business; but will it be right to do so? Right! Where is the wrong? These men are not sold to him. They are under no obligation to buy from him. If I go into business I must sell to men who have been somebody's customers. And any how, he has money enough. It is time that he gave place to those who have their fortunes to make. I shall not get another such an offer soon, that is clear, and I would be a fool not to accept this."

When he saw the merchant who had made the proposal, he was ready to treat with him. It was finally agreed that he should remain with Mr. Barker during the spring trade, in order to influence his best customers as much as possible, and then get ready to open by fall with an entirely new and extensive assortment of goods.

When the customers of Mr. Barker received

the circular of Granger & Grant, they were generally felt inclined to encourage the new firm for the sake of Granger, who was a favorite with nearly all of them. He had personally informed them of his intention to go into business, backed by a heavy amount of capital, and promised to sell them on a little better terms than Mr. Barker had ever given them. It is not, therefore, at all surprising that a very large proportion of Barker's old customers made pretty heavy bills with the new firm, where they bought, or at least were made to believe that they bought goods at much better rates than they had been in the habit of obtaining at the old house.

The effect of this upon the business of Mr. Barker was clearly marked. Instead of selling some two hundred thousand dollars worth of goods in a year, his trade fell off to nearly one half, and was not restored again. The mass of his old customers who had dealt with him for years, were drawn off by Granger, and his house was not likely to make many new ones. But he did not know how industrious the young men had been in sapping his business, nor suspect that unfair means had been used. Even if he had known this, he would have had no just cause of complaint, for having undermined the young man's principles, he could not be surprised if, in the pursuit of his own interest, he disregarded that of every one else—his employer's among the rest.

"That Granger is going to be a rich man," said a neighbor to the old merchant.

"Yes," was the reply. "He's got the right kind of stuff in him; and is keen as a razor at a bargain. In ten years from now, if he doesn't overreach himself, he will be far in advance of most men in this street. Would you have believed it?—when he first came to me, he had a conscience quite as tender as a parson's. In selling to a customer, he would be as careful to set forth all the defects as he would the excellencies of a piece of goods. He was for even handed justice all around."

"I should think you found him a great advantage to your establishment," said the neighbor, appearing quite amused at the fact of a salesman putting the interest of a customer upon a par with that of his employer.

"Not much at first, I must own. But I saw that he was active, quick, shrewd and anxious to rise in the world, and I knew that all he wanted was a hint or two, which I gave. After that, there was no more difficulty. He could sell as many goods as any one in the store."

"He's cutting into your business pretty seriously now, is he not?"

"I'm afraid he is. But I suppose it's all right."

"You sharpened him?" remarked the neighbor, with a significant expression.

"Yes," was rather dryly answered. "And I rather think I have made him too keen even for myself," he added mentally.

He was certainly right there.

The young man with whom Granger had become associated in business, was no match for him in shrewdness, though active and industrious; and Granger soon managed to make him as much a cypher in the concern as possible. In this there was a design. By means of the capital which Grant could command, he knew that he could build up a large business; and he meant, the moment his own share of profit in the concern was large enough, added to his credit, to sustain him alone, to get rid of his partner, and secure the entire income of the business to himself.

The impression made by the new house upon the business of Mr. Barker proved to be a more serious matter than either Granger or the old merchant had anticipated. At the close of the very first business season after the new firm had been fairly launched upon the sea of trade, Barker had nearly fifty thousand dollars worth of fall goods on hand; his purchases having exceeded his ordinary sales nearly that amount, and upon these he lost much more than all his profits upon what he did sell. In the spring he again miscalculated in buying, and in the ensuing fall, committed the same error. From that time, the tide fairly set against him. His assortment of goods was not so large and tempting as it had been, and Granger & Grant were all the rage among the country dealers.

At the end of five years, Barker was worth just half what he was when he made the successful attack upon his clerks' principles in order to secure his own interest. By that time, Granger considered himself quite strong enough to stand alone in business, and began to reflect seriously upon the best mode of getting rid of his partner, whom he now considered of about as much use as the fifth wheel to a coach. In this, however, he rather underrated Mr. Grant, who had, in a connexion of five years with a man as keen for his own interest as was Granger, cut, as the saying is, his eye teeth. He was rather wider awake than his partner suspected.

Fifty thousand dollars, according to the books of the firm, had been made by each member in the co-partnership. With a capital of fifty thousand dollars, and the unlimited credit which he believed he could command, Granger felt that he could do business enough to net at least twenty

thousand dollars a year, and with that he thought he would be satisfied. As to the custom of the house, he was sure that he could take that with him. The capital which his partner had furnished, he considered a small matter in comparison with his business talents and facilities.

After thinking of the matter for some time, and regarding it in all the aspects it might possibly assume, Granger determined to give notice of his wish to have the partnership terminate. When this was done, he was rather surprised at the reply.

"Yes, I am aware that such is your desire—made with the utmost coolness."

"In what way did you gain this information?" asked Granger, exhibiting some confusion.

"From Mr. Archer," returned Grant, in his usual quiet way. "He mentioned it to me some weeks ago."

"He did?" ejaculated Granger, now coloring deeply.

Archer was one of their best customers, to whom Granger had communicated what was in his mind, in order to secure him when he got under way for himself.

"Yes; and I have been expecting to hear from you on the subject, daily, ever since."

"Then of course your mind is made up," said Granger.

"Oh, yes. I am ready for a dissolution of the co-partnership; and, indeed, desire it, since you have ceased to be content with the present arrangement."

There was a coolness about Grant that Granger by no means liked; and he felt too well assured that both he and his father were aware of the hand he was endeavoring to play against them. The fact of Archer's having mentioned what he had said to him, had forewarned them.

The terms of settlement were by no means what Granger had anticipated. He had supposed that his partner would be ready to pay him an estimated proportion of profits, and continue the business. This would have given him the capital he wanted; and he trusted to his own sagacity to enable him to draw off the best custom to his new establishment. But Grant and his long-headed father understood all this very well, and would listen to no proposition of the kind. The only thing to which they would agree, was a regular settlement of the business, each party to receive his proportion of profit as fast as it was realized. As neither of the partners was willing that the other should continue the business, it was finally agreed that a trustee should be appointed to settle it up, and each party, in the interim, be free to make what new arrangements he chose.

A new arrangement was no difficult matter for Grant, whose father could furnish as much capital as he wanted. In a month from the time a dissolution between him and Granger was announced, the circulars of Grant & Co., "successors to Granger & Grant," were flying over the country, and their business spread with three-fourths of the best custom of the old firm.

Foiled in his scheme, Granger fully expected an advantageous offer to go into business within a week after the announcement of his dissolution with Grant. But in this he happened to be mistaken. The surprise created by the dissolution, and especially by the terms of it, which completely destroyed a large and flourishing business, set every one to asking questions; and the father of Grant was very ready to give the true version with liberal embellishments and comments of his own. This was repeated with exaggerations in business circles, and fixed upon Granger a reputation that made a connexion with him by no means desirable.

By the end of a year, he had received fifteen thousand dollars from the old business. The settlement progressed slowly, and the sequel proved that many bad debts had been made.

With this small capital, Granger determined to enter into business, feeling confident that he could not only buy to any extent he might desire, but have as many of his old customers as he wanted. In both these conclusions he happened to be in error. As a buyer, he found that Abiram Granger was not so potent a name as that of the old firm, Granger & Grant. During the first year in which he carried on business in his own name, he received five thousand dollars from the trustee of Granger & Grant, and lost five thousand dollars by buying too many goods. In the second year a final settlement of the old concern was made, and six thousand dollars paid to him as the balance of profit. Instead of having made fifty thousand dollars in five years, he realized but twenty thousand. This would have been very well, if his cupidity had not unsettled his mind.

Three years sufficed to wind up Granger's operations on his own account. In his eagerness to do a large business, and to throw Grant & Co., if possible, into the shade, he sold goods to almost every country merchant who came along, and there were enough of doubtful credit to buy from him as much as he was willing to sell them. The consequence was a total failure, and inability to pay over fifty cents on the dollar, after having sunk his entire capital. And what was a little singular, by the failure of Granger, Barker, who had first tampered with his strictly honest principles, lost ten thousand dollars.

The young man never got on his feet again, and is, to this day, a clerk on a moderate salary, while Grant & Co. are reputed to be worth every cent of two hundred thousand dollars.

So much for the subserviency of principle to interest. In the long run, strict honesty is, doubtless, the best policy. The position taken by Barker, that the seller must consult his own interest alone, and let the buyer take care of himself is not a just one; nor is the entire disregard of the buyer's interests by any means necessary to success in business. Men generally think so; but we are satisfied that it is an error more fatal to success than any one of the many common errors that prevail among business men. The direct result is often beneficial, but ultimate results, the causes of which are too rarely seen and recognized, could they be traced back, step by step, would show that the smallest act of overreaching is an injury instead of a benefit.